

THE
SOUTHERN LITERARY JOURNAL,
AND
MAGAZINE OF ARTS.

NEW SERIES.] DECEMBER, 1838. [Vol. 4—No 6.

B. R. CARROLL, EDITOR,
ASSISTED BY SEVERAL LITERARY GENTLEMEN.

—

CHARLESTON, S. C.
PRINTED BY HUGHES & JAMES, EAST-BAY.
1838.

CONTENTS.

<i>Original Papers.</i>	<i>Page.</i>
The Philosophy of the Omnibus. By the author of "Guy Rivers."	401
Love. - - - - -	410
Beard, Whiskers and Moustaches, &c. - - - - -	411
Inquiry into the Origin and Nature of the Gulf Stream. - - -	416
"Sweetly Fall the Dews of Night." - - - - -	423
National Minstrelsy. - - - - -	424
Lines. - - - - -	429
Customs and Peculiarities of the Indians.* By D. K. WHITAKER, Esq.	430
Memory. - - - - -	437
The Maid of Florence. - - - - -	438
Lamartine. - - - - -	443
The Maid of Mariendorpt. - - - - -	452
Rigmarole. - - - - -	460
La Pola. - - - - -	464
Early Sorrow. - - - - -	470
Sadness. - - - - -	470
The Past Year. - - - - -	471
Stanzas To — - - - -	473

Editor's Port Folio.

Valedictory. - - - - -	474
Oak Island, the Residence of William Seabrook. - - - - -	476
A Digest of the Cases Decided in the Superior Courts of Law of the State of South-Carolina, from the earliest period to the present time: By William Rice, Attorney at Law. In 2 vols. vol. i. Charleston, printed by Burges & James. 1838. - - - - -	478
A Digested Index of the Statute Law of South-Carolina, from the earliest period to the year 1836, inclusive: By William Rice, Attorney at Law. Charleston, printed by Burges & James. 1838. - - -	479
Oliver Twist.—Part 2. - - - - -	479
Mr. Buckingham. - - - - -	479
The Theatre. - - - - -	480
A Fragment. - - - - -	480

*ERRATA.

432 page, 12th line from top, for *furiosnesss*, read "ferocity." 433 page, 15th line from bottom, for *innumerably versed*, read "innumerably varied." 434 page, 3d line from top, for *no more true*, read "no-less true." 435 page, 11th line from top, for *obstructions of the metaphysician*, read "abstractions of the metaphysician."

SOUTHERN LITERARY JOURNAL.

NEW SERIES.]

DECEMBER, 1838.

[VOL. 4.—No. 6.]

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE OMNIBUS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUY RIVERS."

"Broadway up, Broadway up!—plenty of room, gentlemen,—room for three. Off in a minute!—Drive on—we're full now."

Boy of the Omnibus.

"Room for more," says the boy of the Omnibus, and if there's no room, he'll make it. Compression is one principle in the philosophy of the Omnibus, and it is curious to study the animal flexibility of man, when he takes his seat within the sphere of its application. This, indeed, is one of the sources of his greatness in modern times. He humbles himself that he may be exalted; he suffers himself to be squeezed out of all shape of humanity in order that he may get on in the world. Shall it be a subject of wonder if he may not so easily resume his original make, after leaving the vehicle in which he is so well satisfied to ride!

The Omnibus is of modern invention. The ancients knew nothing of the Omnibus. They were as ignorant of its mighty motion as of the world's; and for this reason alone, if for none other, it must be a subject of no small regret that they lived at so premature a period. They came into the world when it was young, and went out of it ere it grew old. We can only lament their ignorance for their own sakes. It is too late to seek to repair it; and our own joys must be something embittered by the reflection that our ancestors had so few. They certainly lacked the crowning one of all,—they knew nothing of the Omnibus.

And yet, to hear them speak, one would imagine they knew every thing. They certainly had some notion of the sort themselves; since we find these great men crying 'like sick girls' for new dishes, and other worlds for conquest. The 'solitude of sole sway' was, to their belief, already in possession; and nothing was left them but to build monuments, and die. Such was the melancholly conclusion of all the family of Cheops—a race that never

would have fallen upon such follies, could they have imagined, for a single instant, a vessel like the Omnibus. He was not alone in his melancholy employments. His own was the conviction of the time—of times five thousand years after. The mind and appetite, with the unhappy myriads who cannot be said to have lived, and who certainly died in this miserable stretch of time, had been arrested by pillars not less impassable than those of Hercules. The world was all waste beyond; and of life,

———"The mere lees
Were left the vault."

The ocean of untravelled circumstances and caverned events lay before them; and no barque, such was the pitiable want of science in those days, might penetrate the pitchy dark, unfathomable void—no plannet seek its depths, no conquerors explore its wilds, compelling its obedience; and the potentate who proffered the world's wealth, which, by the way, he could not give, for a yet untasted pleasure, had, not less than Solomon, discovered all the narrow nothingness of life. He, too, could see with the preacher that all was vanity. He knew nothing of a ride of three miles for a shilling. 'Broadway up' was a cry of pleasure that never thrilled his soul. He knew nothing of the Omnibus.

Years—ages succeeded, and in all that time, the Omnibus remained unknown. Strange, that life should have been desirable on such terms. But it was not desirable; and hence their murderous wars, and the unscrupulousness with which they suffered their neighbors to rid them of it. How poor were all its possessions, how precarious its conquests. It may be remarked, in this place, that the Hannibals, and the Cæsars, the Alexanders and the Antonys, never ceased to conquer, until they grew tired of it. Wherefore should they conquer,—what could they secure by it? Could they have dreamed of the luxury of that shilling ride of our own times, Cæsar had not been enslaved by Cleopatra, Alexander by the joint forces of Bacchus and Venus, and the Scythians must have been overcome. The Persian race must have been improved by the introduction of the Macedonian powers, and ten to one, that Mohammed would have been a camel driver to this day.

The era of the Omnibus is not that of ambition. Its conception would never have entered the heads of men during a period of war. It required for its discovery a new condition of things—a new order of events—a new class of men. Pursuits, differing utterly from those existing in Roman and Grecian day, were essentially necessary to the invention of the Omnibus. The Romans, wise in many things and daring in all, could never have achieved it. They were a people marked by excessive individu-

ality of character, and this alone would have been the most conclusive argument against the possibility of their ever dreaming of such a thing as a vehicle carrying twenty-four sleek and civil citizens! Besides, they would have been shocked to have prostituted that noble animal, the horse, to such degraded purpose. He was too necessary to the warrior, and the warrior invents nothing but that which may destroy. With the Greeks, the case was unaltered, or did not materially vary. If they did not employ the horse so much for war, they used him more for sport. They counted the speed rather than the utility of the animal, and the horse had scarcely an existence apart from the racer. All his employments with both people were for the individual, for the selfish, the ambitious; and the reign of Castes was fatal to the rise of the Omnibus. A social era was necessary for its creation, and the popular mind required a new direction, and an impulse directly opposite, for such an invention. The chariot of the ancient games, or of ancient warfare, driven and maintained by a single warrior, or not more than two, though guided in all directions, was any thing but social in its character. Destruction was the striking organ of such a period, and the build of the Omnibus demands the opposite development.

The Omnibus, therefore, indicates an era! Who shall question this truth? Not the philosopher—not he, looking through the surface, beyond effects, and up to causes, may trace the nature, the character, and the claims of a people, in their domestic habits and exercises. Let us look to causes. A single glance will prove what we assert. The Omnibus could never have been known to the ancients. It was the fruit of a philosophy warring with, and in the very teeth of, theirs. It could only be the creature—not of a general equality in the people—but of a general passion for equality—of a time of increasing accommodativeness in the popular spirit—of a diffusion of hoarded wealth—of a long repose from war—of a mercantile and money-loving condition of things. The mere seeker after amusement would never have craved it—the utilitarian would hold it the very best vehicle in the world. It might have belonged to Carthage, had she been permitted to survive, to pursue her old occupations, and, instead of colonizing other countries, to continue blessing and beautifying her own. Yet it could not have been invented in the time of Hanno and Hamilcar. Hannibal would have disdained it, unless, mounted on the back of his elephants, its inmates were willing to carry spear and javelin for the destruction of their neighbors. With the crafty Greek it could not have been tolerated, or if known, would have rapidly fallen into disuse. He is too much the individual—he goes only on his own account, and is in a blessed condition of ignorance on the subject of joint-stock companies. Persuade him to

enter with the rest, and it will only be to cut their throats, and be off with their purses. The Omnibus suits another order of people. It is Yankee all over—it accommodates him, who, however selfish he may be in other respects, is never exclusive—who is never willing to be much alone. It suits nobody half so well. Give the Englishman his stanhope, the Yankee his Omnibus, and the comets have no terrors—the world goes right.

We say the Omnibus marks an era—and what era? It follows, in the negative, from a knowledge of those which it would not suit, of those which it will. It must indicate a social condition of mankind. By social we do not merely mean the living together in communities. The Barbarians did so, yet were not social. The social history of the Romans was a farce. The Scythians preyed less upon one another, and seem never to have had a Nero, who could fiddle while their cities were burning. Mark the change as we progress to our own times. Peter the Cruel could share such luxuries with his mistress, and the social condescensions of Miguel are something of a proverb. Tyranny to-day is certainly not the tyranny of yesterday. Anciently, the despot hunted game for himself, and wo to the poor devil who came between his spear and the victim. The modern tyrants hunt always in couples, and the holy alliance will be found to illustrate the social character of the era which their own wise labors are intended to subvert. It is rather irreverent in a matter so very grave as the present, to perpetrate a pun; but under our own eyes have we not seen an entire people, with no other reason but that they were Poles, ready made to the hand, yoked to the body of the great Omnibus of Russia. Kings are social now—they were selfish in times past. The luxuries of power, like all other luxuries, have undergone refinement. The difference between past and present, in this particular, is indicated by a comparison the most humble. Of old, all drank from the same cup—now, each man has a cup of his own, and thus—mark the social loveliness of the thing—all drink together—all are upon an equal footing, and thus all matter of offence is avoided.

This fact brings to view another peculiarity of this era, and the most striking feature of all—its levellism. In this abides a chief beauty of the Omnibus. It ministers equally to all classes, and, as if the more fully to illustrate the republicanism of the thing, the little urchin who receives the sixpences at the door, is, without doubt, the most important personage of the company. The Omnibus has no prejudices, no partialities—no charge of favoritism will lie against it. The coxcomb takes his seat beside the blacksmith, and dare not complain, if his white inexpressibles win some unusual hues from the fellowship of his sooty neighbor. The statesman and politician is “hale fellow, well met,” with the

greasy citizen who votes against him; and the zealots of different sectaries, dismounted of their several doxies, are compelled to ride, cheek-by-jowl, with one another. Such is the levelling and democratic Omnibus. This was not the case of yore. What were vehicles then? The horse himself was a decided aristocrat. He bore no burthen which was not honorable in the strict acceptance of society. The scion of the ancient stock looked down in his loneliness of place upon the poor plebeian, who was required to keep pace on foot beside him. No wonder the horse is proud. He had the pay of a soldier in times past, and was far more honored for his service. So, too, the dog—he had his pay for military service, agreeably to the same standard, in the days of chivalry; and in the Spanish wars in America, the favorite breed and blood frequently slept in the same bed with his owner. All these periods were decidedly hostile, not less to society than to the Omnibus. They discouraged all utilitarianism as slavish, which came not with battle—they kept down humanity—they restrained the onward course of man, and bowed his neck to the yoke of the oxen—they fettered civilization, and dammed up all the generous tendencies of society, which, in its true nature, is entirely republican.

There is yet another feature of this era, thus indicated by the Omnibus. It does not merely bring down the prince from his high station—his pride of place, and the concentrated selfishness of all his purposes. It goes yet farther. It lifts the peasant into hope! It does not merely bring the peer to his level—it elevates him, if not into the condition of the peer, at least into an arena of equal contest and a fair field, in which the peer has no advantage. There is an important, an imposing truth, in this small particular. It carries a warning to the titled,—to the insolent dominator of ages,—to the misbegotten and misdirected assumptions of class and caste,—to the few, who, violating all the legitimacies of nature, yet assume to be the legitimates of earth. We convey this warning lesson, this solemn truth, in a single sentence, when we ask, how can the chariot of the peer presume to clash with the Omnibus of the people? How can the slight though showy vehicle, with its solitary inmate, stand audaciously in the highway, when the Omnibus comes whirling along, carrying twenty-four sturdy citizens? The thing is ridiculous—the thought is, that of one, foolish with his own conceit, and maddened as those forever must be, whom God desires to destroy.

Considered morally thus, and as embodying visibly to the eye the current expression of the popular thinking, the Omnibus certainly holds forth illustrations, abundantly numerous and strong, in support of these opinions. So far, then, it may be looked upon with favor, and we give it our passport. It certainly indicates an

elevation in the aim of man in the general, though, perhaps, largely subtracting from all his individuality. Great men will seldom ride in the Omnibus. For our own part, we never think to do what all the town does, and the person solicitous of his own stature will always keep clear of the crowd. Levellism, though of great benefit to the community, is dangerous to the man. The individual is lost in the species; and, what in his estimation is a much greater evil, the exceptions which make him the individual, and upon which he so much prides himself, are merged completely in the mountainous and mixing masses which surround him. The fine features have no command, no eminence, among the mob—the fine shades and colors soon undergo obscuration; and what are the nice proprieties of the gentleman, where Toms, Dicks, and Harrys, make up the majority?

We see yet another feature of the moral condition of society, brought actively forth by this new and levelling quality of the Omnibus; and here our approval ends. It is no favorite here. The principle of thought, which, in this respect, governs, and has led to its existence, is highly dangerous, and subversive of sundry of those fine features which sometimes make up the redeeming and apologetic circumstances in the progress of a tyranny—a tyranny such as that of Augustus Cæsar—of a time when Omnibuses could not be. The Omnibus shows us that there is no limit to levellism when once it begins—that it stops at nothing—that it recognizes no restraining agency—that the spirit which has brought it into being is one, as reckless in the pursuit of the one social, as the olden power in the desire for the other selfish, extreme. And this is the evil of the Omnibus. It wants discrimination. It is without taste. It takes up riders who are not altogether prepared for such a mode of conveyance. It lifts men from the ground, who have not yet freed their shoes from the mud. It begets a passion for elevation, which has infinitely the start of any general preparation for such ascent; and hence it is that the beauty, and fine enamel, and rich paint of the popular Omnibus, does not last long. How should any man dare to enjoy that which is neat, delicate, and clean, without first having carefully made himself so? Yet such is the teaching of the era when the Omnibus had birth. The Omnibus marks such an era—it is the sign, indicative of a moral phase in the progress of the nations.

Are you sceptical? Do you doubt? Do you, forsooth,—bearing a high thought, and a nice sense,—do you hold forth denial? Are you stubborn, unconvinced? We offer you no vain theory. Our thought asks not for argument—it needs not to be written. Look for yourself. Go forth into the highways—go into the halls of council and deliberation—into the church, the forum, the senate. Look where you will, and the Omnibus principle is forever

in your eyes. See you not the Court of *Pie-poudré* in the Representative Congress—the great hall—the congregated wisdom of these United, but discordant, States? Look down, as we have looked, upon that motley and unmanageable assembly. They are the wise men of your nation. They speak the doom—not of to-day, not of to-morrow—not of a state, a city, or a tribe. They speak the fate of a people, a countless and growing people—of an empire, of a world—of the future. Yet what are their pretensions so to speak? Look and answer. The Omnibus principle has clearly presided in the selection of many among them. There is one half-besotted creature just before us—full as a beer-barrel—whose head has surely been “unkempt, uncombed,” for a long variety of seasons. Such a man cannot be a gentleman—such a man cannot be a moralist—such a man cannot be wise—for cleanliness is a primary constituent of morals, wisdom, and gentility. For what quality, then, has he been chosen to a station of so much responsibility? You see, too, that he is a sot—half drunk, even now—and at all times profanely vulgar, and proverbially stupid. He rides in the Omnibus—he rides with the people. Does he desire Pat’s vote? He sees the brogan of Pat besmeared with mud, and he resolutely besmears his own. He beholds Dick Gossip drunk, whose vote he also desires, and he takes care to be frequently found in the Omnibus, which is Dick’s favorite. He goes to the same gin shop, and thereby the patriotism of the twain expands inordinately—and the one, in process of time, necessarily becomes the due representative of the other.

But it is not merely in government—in the art vilely misnamed that of politics—that the Omnibus is the dangerous vehicle of levelism and vulgarity. There are some things in the history of civilization and society, to which it should never extend, but which it nevertheless presumes, with irreligious and profane hands, most desperately to grapple. There are some things, some pursuits, some principles and performances, essentially aristocratic in their very nature, and only to be approached with clean hands and bare foot, as things for love, for reverence, for worship. Such are the just principles of truth and wisdom, to be educed from the unselfish natures of high and worthy men—men who should be beyond the price and pay, as they must be above the praise, of the vulgar and the unworthy. Such are the charities and offices of religion—such are the gentle joys and pleasantries of the happy fireside of domestic felicity and evening resort—such are the polite and fine arts—such are poetry, music, the drama and the dance, and all things which lighten the spirit of its weariness, and aim to win us back to the pure nature, from which we are always on the eve of departure.

The Omnibus principle should have no control over these things.

We recognize its existence within a given and limited sphere as perfectly legitimate. It will do for the mere utilitarian—for the bad weather—for the dusty feet—for the vile necessity. But when we behold it carried into our halls of council, our theatres—when we see the tobacco voided in volumes over our houses—when we perceive the tradesman, fresh from the compting-house, adjusting his business, and talking over his banking concerns and shipments, while the play is in progress, to the infinite annoyance of all around him—when we see the youth keeping his hat resolutely stuck to his head as if it had grown there, while sitting in the box with ladies—rudely encoring or hissing, while in the same situation—we immediately suspect the agency of that revolutionary principle in morals which has brought the Omnibus into existence. We see, at once, that some have availed themselves of its carriage, to penetrate into a region for which they have never been prepared by the refining hands of education. We see, at once, the levelling disposition which knows of no distinction, whatsoever, between any of the concerns of life; which, not content with overthrowing the artificial aristocracies of government, and an unequal system of laws, is solicitous to graduate all things, of whatever class or character, by the same narrow standard; and which speaks of the sale of cattle and the fine arts in the same breath—passing rapidly, without even a change of raiment, not to speak of mood—from the roughest exercises of trade to the brilliant circles, the seductive fascinations, and elaborate delicacies of that sweet company, who wait upon and receive their inspiration from the muse.

The arts are not for the vulgar. To enjoy them, we must cease to be so. The road is a royal one, indeed, but not a rapid one, by which we must attain their mysteries. To comprehend them in a right spirit, we must beware of the levellism of the Omnibus. They must be approached with a deference little short of veneration. To appreciate, one must study them. He must go through a long apprenticeship, and secure to himself the possession of a large body of fine thoughts—high principles and purposes; a noble aim, a gentle spirit, and a desire, paramount to all of these, to trace, with the analysis of a kindred mind, the soarings of that daring spirit, which has stolen, according to ancient fable, its fire from the sun, while looking, with audacious gaze, undazzled and undaunted, upon its destroying and ireful glances.—Why does not the drama succeed in England and America? The answer is obvious—the Omnibus principle guides and governs all our institutions—(the institutions of one not less than of the other—for with the same religion and language, and a common origin, it is all fiddlestick to speak of England and America as of distinct and differing nations—) and such a principle is too levelling for all

the fine arts, which in their very nature, signified plainly enough in their designation, are delicate and aristocratic. The Omnibus may promote the living together in communities, but it is not more a school for society than it is for civilization. It tolerates soiled boots, foul language—spirits careless whom they annoy, and utterly indifferent to all things, unless they come coupled with some miserable and miserly maxim, taught and treasured up carefully from boyhood, in the leaves of Poor Richard. Benjamin Franklin had no little hand in the establishment of the Omnibus.

Let us not be misunderstood. In all that we have said, we have meant nothing disrespectful—we have intended no sneer, no sarcasm, in reference to any one of the several occupations referred to. We would only insist that they be kept apart from one another—that, as there is no necessary, no proper connection between them, we should suffer no practices to prevail, which would have the effect of bringing them together, to the common annoyance. The enlightened mind will readily understand us—the unprejudiced will strive to do so. The merchant, the retailer, the mechanic, the laborer, the lawyer, and the doctor, may be all very good, and are all necessary in their several places. We only insist, that meeting together for a common object, they should always “sink the shop.” It is not necessary that the concerns of the ‘Change or Market Place, should be carried for adjustment into a temple consecrated to the muses, the arts, literature, education, and all those more elevated occupations of our nature, which are not only essentially foreign to the offices of trade, but entirely, in their design and exercise, unselfish and intended for mankind. This exhortation is more particularly necessary during the progress of the Omnibus. The Omnibus marks that period in human economy when the barriers are to be overthrown—when the gross deference to authority must be done away with—when all men may stand upon the same level, and look fearlessly and freely upon one another;—and when, gradually rising from the wallow, the Plebeian shall be the father of a race, strong in freedom as in intellect, superior to circumstance, and moulding the passing hour according to the dictates of that caprice, which has thought proper to employ the Omnibus.

Our prayer is, that something may be spared, in this general overthrow, to the spirit which was great and glorious in the history of the past. If we cast down the idols of ancient superstition, let us not destroy, with headlong stupidity, the proud temples, the high columns, and the vaulted grandeur, of its dwellings and its worship. If we deny the faith, let us, at least, preserve the memorials which are true to taste, and emblematic of a soaring aim, which moved, though in error, in majesty and grandeur, little short of supernatural. Conquer the Lucifer, and bind him

down if you will, but deface not the sublime sadness, the imperial loveliness—lovely even in overthrow and ruin,—of his once angelic face, and symmetric majesty of proportion. Spare that which time would spare. If he left the pyramids, let us not destroy them. Let us discriminate, with keen eyes in our forward progress, between the merely useful, the unavoidably necessary, and that grace, drapery and polish, which make society not less beautiful than useful—not less fascinating than necessary,—not less the handmaid of choice spirits, generous sentiments, and soaring fancies, than the housewife who makes up the beds and airs all the chambers. The era of the Omnibus is one that goes onward—in vulgar parlance, that ‘goes ahead.’ It stops not for meditation. It is the era of revolution, of that love of continued change which results from the delirium of unaccustomed license. It is the strongest reason for preventing it from getting too far an advance, that its course is never backward. Its life is in action and not in thought. The politic mind must watch to arrest its progress. It will need no propulsion. The impetus once given, it has nothing of retrograde in any one of its thousand tendencies. Let it not crush all things in its passage, burying itself in the ruins of its own making. Such must be its history, if not carefully controlled. Let the wise—let the strong—let those who ride often in the Omnibus, look well to its management. Let them be particularly chary in their choice of drivers. One weak head—one unsteady hand—one hasty feeling or fear, or folly of any sort—and the vehicle is upon their heads. It is not the gig, nor the chair—the sulky nor the buggy now. Of old, the ruin of the vehicle did little harm, as it held but its single occupant. What now must be the crash—how wide the injury, how numerous the sufferers, when the Omnibus is the vehicle, when the people are the occupants, and the driver is one, elevated in a moment of madness and presumption, and having a power of mischief, the effects of which may enure for ages.

W. G. S.

LOVE.

Ah! Life were but a vale, indeed,
Of sin and sorrow, tears and wo,
From which the heart were haply freed,
Itself administ'ring the blow;—
Did love not come with smiling eye,
And rosy lip, and voice of glee,
To dry the tear, to hush the sigh,
The cloud disperse, the bosom free.

BEARD, WHISKERS, AND MOUSTACHES, &c.

"Artium humanarum expers, barbarus, BARBATUS."—*Tac.*

THE uses and purposes, end, aim, and existence of beards shall be our mighty theme. Aid us, shades of the mighty whiskered, who long since have sunk into that common receptacle of outlandish fashions, the dark, irrevocable past. That beards, aye, and of portentous magnitude and shape, do still exist, and wear their blushing honors thick among us, is a fact that comes home to our every day experience. The why and the wherefore is the only unsolved problem. Space is not permitted us to deduce from the dim cycles of times gone by, the history of these appendages to man. It admits of a reasonable doubt, at least, whether Adam, in his primal state of happiness and ease, was honored with them or not. If he indeed were endued with a perpetual youth and beauty, it is reasonably to be supposed that he was not harassed with this encumbering honor. For our own part, we conceive that it is one of the fruits of the fall, and as such to be endured with such patience as we may. Granting this to be the case, ignorant as we are of the true period of the invention of razors, we must presume that they were the rage among the exquisites of the antediluvian age. And no doubt, then as now, whoever could show the most preternatural development of beard, was the "magister morum" of the time being. They have remained among oriental nations until this day, the attributes of wisdom, and the time-honored proofs of age.

The man has become an attribute and incident of the beard; and the finest figure and most beaming face, would scarce elicit the approval of the belles of the East, unless supported by a flowing and gracefully sweeping beard. The warrior tribes, too, of the Northern hive, the mother of nations, proudly wore their locks untouched by steel, as the necessary privilege of a warrior. Rugged Goth and uncivilized German rushed forth from the dark recesses of their ancient and impenetrable woods, in this fearful guise upon the failing ranks of Roman legionaries. The Longobards gloried in the appellation derived from this peculiarity. So has the fashion descended in a long line of warlike names, from the rough fathers of new kingdoms to their knightly and steel-clad descendants; the beard waved over the cuirass, battered in the wars of Palestine, and depended from the gorget and vizor of mail-clad men. Then, too, was it most welcome in the halls of beauty, according to the old song—

"—'twas merry in hall,
When beards wagged all."

Gradually, however, the beard fell out of favor among civilians, though it still continued to add a suitable fierceness to the military countenance, for as the good Baron of Bradwardine used to hum, while he caressed his own pet moustache,

"J'aurais un mousquetaire
Avec barbe sous menton
Lon, lon, laridon——"

thereby evincing the continued esteem wherewith the fairer sex were accustomed to regard the beard. In Shakspeare's time, also, there seems to have been a variety of beards, as saith Nick Bottom,—

"——I will discharge it in either your straw-colored beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-color beard, your perfect yellow."

But as we said before, the history of beards in detail, is not for us; the task is mightier than we can undertake. Let this much suffice, that for some ages they have been the peculiar appendage of the military animal, "whiskered and bearded like the pard." And thus do we arrive at one use of the article in question, to add expression of some sort to a countenance otherwise perhaps undistinguished by any. Another aim may be also to distract that scrutinizing glance, which might find fault with the features, by enveloping them in a mass of hair, as one would conceal bad points of a landscape, by clothing them with wood. In fact, it is the English system of ornamental gardening applied to the human visage. It is not every man who can venture to show his whole face and stand the test of open criticism. Either the sudden rage for beards is the offspring of military ardor, burning to display itself, or the evidence of a modesty which dares not present itself bare-faced to the world.

For ourselves, knowing as we do, the almost unnatural shamefacedness of the present generation, we incline to attribute it to this. The admirers of the olden time look upon the resurrection of beards as a matter of glorification and proof of the prevalence of a better taste. Herein tastes may differ.

The creations of Grecian fancy, or the bright embodiments of Italian skill, would scarce be improved in our estimation by the addition of the most fashionable moustache and imperial. The full round lip needs no pent-house over its beauty—the delicately formed chin requires not a circle of bristles. The natives of our continent, in their rude and uncivilized way no contemptible judges and types of beauty—deemed these, unseemly excrescences, with all care to be eradicated. But as we said before, tastes may differ. There are those who regard the wilderness of hair wherein our exquisites, in humble imitation of their martial progenitors, enwrap their faces, as the very acme and perfection of masculine

beauty. Shakspeare, who, like Thomas Jefferson, may be quoted upon any side, makes his Percy speak somewhat contemptuously of a certain lord, "whose chin new reaped showed like a stubble field at harvest home." But the bent of his determination is strong against this custom, prevalent as it was in his time. And yet there is something imposing in the appearance of a cavalier of the age of Charles. The face seems imperfect when divested of the delicately peaked beard, "trim as a bridegroom," which tapers down upon the Vandyke ruff of the period, while the long curled locks hang gracefully upon the low collar of the doublet. There is a fitness in a beard, as a finishing to such a picture—and the pencilled moustache, dark and curved, like the eyebrow of a fair girl, relieves the face, and gives character to the countenance.—But transport one of these gay roysterers to the present utilitarian time—clothe him in the anomalous and ungraceful dress of this age—let his eye no longer beam with knightly daring,—instead of tried rapier, give him a walking-stick,—preserve nothing of his identity but the beard, and he is altogether out of keeping with surrounding objects.

But let not those who are in the possession of these relics of antiquity, suppose that we in any wise undervalue them. Things which are the objects of such serious thought with them—dear fondlings of their soul—must be deserving of a high esteem. They are too fondly cherished, too affectionately soothed, coaxed, caressed into existence, and nursed into the fulness of perfect stature, with too much pains, labor, and anxiety, to be passed lightly over. We would not sacrilegiously intrude upon the sacred mysteries of the toilette, nor rashly tell of the thousand expedients and devices made use of to foster them into growth. These shall ever be Eleusinian mysteries to the uninitiate. The manner in which the crop may be increased by the use of proper stimulants, or the hue changed as in the twinkling of an eye—are not these tonsorial secrets, not to be divulged to the profane?

We had almost passed over an argument in favor of the beard, which is so decidedly suited to the love of comfort, peculiar to the age, that I may not omit it. They are useful in cold weather,—keep the external air at a proper distance, and supply the place of "comforters," as our Northern friends call them.

Beards may be divided and classified in various ways and methods; as by their size, into the beard savage, the beard goatish, the full flowing beard, the lean and "starveling beard that seems to ask for sops," the beard Henri Quatre, the mop beard, and so on. Or again, by their hues; as the raven-coloured and piratical beard; the clay-bank beard, being a mixture of a dull yellow and a rusty red; the Barbarossa tint, the true red, the common red, and the poetical red, which is of rare occurrence; the brown

beard; and last, though not least, in nursery tales, the redoubtable blue beard. Or, in the natural order, thus: natural, unnatural or artificial, and preternatural or alarming. But as we have dwelt for some time upon beards as a whole, let us divide the text, and treat of the component parts of beards, disintegrated and considered separately.

And first of whiskers. Sterne, if we remember, in his *Sentimental Journey*, devotes a chapter to the subject of whiskers, as how could one so peculiarly sensitive to all that was picturesque and odd, pass so fair a field untouched. Whiskers may be defined to be the inkling and shadowing forth of a beard, the outline and etching of the picture. There is as much difference between the delicate tracery of the well kept whisker and the overgrown mass of the beard, as between the springing and fairy lightness of fifteen summers, and the embonpoint of the matron of forty. Whiskers, in a high state of preservation, should show like a well trained steed upon the course, with nothing superfluous about them. Authorities are at variance as to whether they should curl, or merely wave slightly and gracefully from the straight line. "*Non nostrum*"—yet in a matter of such high import, we must express some opinion—and we prefer a gentle curl, not an absolute spiral, but an approach thereunto. Whiskers are susceptible of the same divisions and arrangement as the stock from which they spring, and are of all sizes—from the few stragglers that sadly and lonely step out from their lurking place beneath the temples, to the full circle, or "run-round," which hems in the face, as a nondescript hedge round a garden. Occasionally they are carefully divided at the chin, and a few pets reserved as an imperial, after the mode of Spain.

The moustache is next in order and completes our survey.—The uses of this are almost incomprehensible. We do not agree with some foreign writers, that it is "principally for the purpose of a napkin to wipe the fork upon," but would rather conceive that if at all concerned in the purposes of the table, it is more as a means whereby to display the accuracy of aim which the owners possess, in lodging their food in the 'covert way' without impinging upon the *chevaux de frize* around it. They also serve, as well as the whiskers, for employment, enabling a gentleman when out of conversation, or having nothing worth saying, to caress his fondlings and look wise—pretty much as Lord Burleigh, in the *Rehearsal*, shakes his head, and for the same reason.

Thus have we hastily considered this interesting subject in all points save one. This we may not neglect, its bearing upon the softer sex. And here we would remark, that though honied words may come through moustache and beard—though fond nothings may be lowly and sweetly breathed in murmuring accents into the

ears of beauty, on the same principle that the breeze sighing among reeds is of a sweet harmony, yet when the *seal* is to be put to all these softnesses, when the kiss of true love is to be registered, is it to be supposed that a timid and shrinking fair one could endure without previous practice, the rough salute as of Russian bear. Indeed we understand in a private way, that several of the delicate beings are gradually inuring themselves for the sufferance of this infliction, by daily exercise and tilting of lips with the house broom. We vouch not for this, but give it as another specimen of female ingenuity and endurance. We would advise some preparation of this kind, or else what is meant but for the expression of attachment, may act upon the tender sensibilities of the sufferers in a very different and unexpected manner. We need not here recall the story of the Parisian belle, whose heart having resisted the combined attacks of the most approved "favoris" of the hussar and lancer corps, surrendered at last at discretion, to the incomprehensible beard of a Hungarian, whose muzzle, like that of the western bison, was almost invisible through the labyrinth of hair around it. Indeed, it would seem as if the cultivators of this fashion, despairing of winning the citadel of the heart by fair and open treaty, have determined to frighten the garrison into surrender by a formidable show of military engines. To this end, all the resources of nature and of art are called in to their aid. An unwonted truculence spreads over features which wonder at their own reflection, and inly tremble to see what manner of man they are. An undergrowth, like that of our swamps, covers the countenance, and the human face divine is metamorphosed into the image and likeness of a mop. And when the fulness of time has come, when the long watched and anxiously inspected glories make their avatar, how illustrious in his own eyes, the individual who is appended to them—how remarkable and remarked in the curious and wondering gaze of all those who are ever, like the Athenians, on the watch for something new and strange. His head is covered with glory; he has not lived in vain: the purpose of his mission is accomplished, and he moves among common men as one of a higher destiny. But time, who cuts down all, spares not even the beard, nor can Indian or Russian dye prevail against his frosty breath. Dim specks of a lighter hue, begin to gleam from among the hyacinthine curls; and the breath of his waving wings dries up and parches the once glossy and fragrant exuberance of their growth. Long, long does the owner face the dread necessity, many are the contrivances whereby to elude the pursuer; but he is driven from shift to shift, from one nostrum to another, until, like one who sadly lays the axe to the tree, whose time-honoured branches shaded the sports of his childhood, he yields to the dire necessity—and the honors of his head are no more. They return to the limbo of vanities, and become as things that were not.

AN INQUIRY INTO THE ORIGIN AND NATURE OF THE
GULF STREAM.

CURRENTS in the ocean were unknown until a period comparatively recent; and some may be still living, who received the first information of the Gulf Stream, passing almost within sight of our coast, from the publication of Dr. Franklin. It appears, however, that the Gulf Stream had been discovered by our acute and skilful American navigators, and the publication of its discovery suppressed, that Europeans might not have equal advantages with themselves in commerce.

Other currents have since been discovered at different times, and their courses, widths and lengths, described accurately by different writers, particularly by Major Rennel of the British marine. One of these currents runs southwardly from Davis' Straits to the coast of Newfoundland, and brings with it every spring, the icebergs which are seen in that neighborhood. Here it meets with the Gulf Stream, running north-eastwardly, and not materially reduced in the tropical warmth of its origin. Meeting here from opposite points of the earth, and being confined on the west by the American shores, they both change their course and run eastwardly to the coast of Europe, and south-eastwardly to the Cape Verd Islands. By this meeting, two other circumstances are caused; the fearful icebergs of the spring pass no further south, but are here dissolved by the warmth of the Gulf Stream. Here also, the two streams being retarded in their course by reciprocal opposition, a considerable deposit of earth ensues, forming the banks of Newfoundland, and affording sustenance to the noble fishery of that coast.

Another current runs north-westwardly from the Cape of Good Hope, about 2100 miles along the coast of Africa, and there meeting with the tropical winds is influenced by them, and made to pass obliquely over to the American coast. It there passes through the West India Islands, a part of it circulates in the Caribbean Sea, and is said by the most skilful English and American navigators, to pass no further north, but gradually to subside among the West India Islands. It is not true that this stream is continued through to the Gulf of Mexico, forming the Gulf Stream, as has been asserted by speculative writers, geographers and travellers; there is no current running from the Carribean Sea into the Gulf of Mexico, as I will endeavor to prove.

Currents may be caused, increased and retarded, by the action of strong winds. The late Mr. Smeaton, a celebrated civil engineer, ascertained by experiment, that in a canal of four miles in length, the water was kept four inches higher at one end than at

the other, merely by the action of the winds blowing along the course of the canal. The prevalence of strong north eastwardly winds, by retarding the Gulf Stream, increases the tides in our harbors to very unusual heights: while strong westwardly winds drive the waters out of our rivers and creeks, and reduce the tides very low. Hence it is said that winds between the tropics, having a general course westwardly, protrude the water of the Atlantic in the same direction, until obstructed in its course and turned from that direction by the coast of America and opposing currents.

Other currents of less extent, but of proportionate importance to navigators, can only be slightly noticed on this occasion. At the mouth of the Baltic, the water generally runs outward, and at the mouth of the Black Sea, the current always runs outward, while at the mouth of the Mediterranean Sea, the current as invariably runs inward. The cause of this difference, has been a subject of much discussion and speculation. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for the year 1760, is a well written article on the subject, arguing that notwithstanding the current into the Mediterranean Sea always runs eastwardly, yet that current is only superficial, and that the level of the ocean is preserved by an under current, as constantly running westwardly from the Mediterranean into the Atlantic. This opinion is sustained by the following fact, in which neither the date nor the names are mentioned, but the detail is otherwise sufficiently circumstantial. "A Dutch transport having been sunk by a French man-of-war in the middle of the Straits of Gibraltar, reappeared after some days, four English miles west of Gibraltar, in the Spanish Seas." I do not doubt the existence of under currents, called by navigators "under-tows," any more than the existence of lateral counter-currents, in what are well known as eddies; but these are comparatively weaker and more contracted than the currents of which they are the reverse.

The following is from the captain of an American merchantman of great experience, respecting the current running constantly out of the Baltic. This is not invariably the case, which the following simple statement will prove.

"Returning home in the ship *Caroline*, from *Stralsund*, a port in the Baltic, on the 6th of June, 1810, I took a pilot twenty miles south of *Copenhagen*, to conduct me through the grounds and sound; the wind was contrary and very baffling, and the pilot frequently observed to me, we shall have a change of current very shortly; but I being under the impression that it invariably ran out, paid no attention to his repeated remarks. We anchored that evening at *Elsineur*, and at midnight the current did change, and ran in until the 12th. The ship being in excellent order and well manned, I got her underweigh on the morning of the 9th June, and beat between *Elsineur* and *Helsingburg*, on the Swedish coast, all day; but finally was obliged to anchor again abreast of *Elsineur*. On the 12th, in the evening, returning from a walk in the country, I was met by my broker, a *Mr. Rutherford*,

who wished me joy, that the current would change to-morrow. I enquired of him how he was certain of that fact; he observed there were certain signs to be observed in the atmosphere, by which they could tell within twelve hours, when the current would change. Now, by that observation, it would appear that it is not an unusual occurrence in the Baltic Sea for the current to change.

"As regards under currents, I will state one simple fact. Bound from this port (Charleston) to Lisbon, in the ship *Caroline*, I received a pilot at the mouth of the Tagus, on the 21st December, 1813—crossed the bar and proceeded up the river with a leading wind. The breeze, however, becoming faint, and the tide running down, we perceived by marks on shore that we were going astern. A spare main yard lying on deck, fifty-four feet long and fifteen inches diameter in the slings, by the pilot's orders, was got over and across the ships bows, and lashed securely to both ends and middle of the anchor stock. The pilot measured off eleven fathoms of cable from the ring or clinch inboard, and ordered that quantity to be veered out; the under current he observed ran strongest close to the bottom, and we were then in fourteen fathoms water. The yard and anchor were no sooner let down and stoppered, than she began to draw ahead without the least increase of wind, and continued so to do, until we approached Bellam Castle—when we hove up to disengage the yard and prepare for anchoring.

"I regret not having availed myself of the frequent opportunities I have had of trying the experiment, when becalmed or nearly so, in the Straits of Gibraltar."

Notwithstanding the fact of the Dutch transport, it is a solitary fact, as far as I know or have ever heard: and however true or strong the under currents may be in particular cases, I am disposed to admit the usual explanation of this difficulty, now taught in the schools, and based on the very ingenious and accurate experiments of Dr. Halley on Evaporation. I believe that more water is discharged from rivers into the two first mentioned seas, than can be absorbed by the earth or carried off by evaporation, and that the surplus runs out on the principles of gravitation, to seek its own level. That the Mediterranean Sea, being much larger than the others, does not receive from the Nile, the Dardanelles, the Rhone, and the inconsiderable rivers of Italy, Greece, and Asia Minor, all taken together, as much water as is absorbed by the thirsty deserts of Africa on its southern coast, and carried off by evaporation from its much greater surface, under a warmer sun, than the other two seas. The Nile is the only river of any importance flowing into the Mediterranean from the south, in a coast of 3000 miles, a circumstance unexampled.

We now return to the Gulf Stream, for the purpose of inquiring into its source or origin, its peculiarities and its uses. We denied that this was formed by an extension of the current driven into the Caribbean Sea by the Trade Winds. The concurrent information of some of the most careful American navigators, confirmed by

some of the most respectable officers of the British navy and by the most recent and approved charts that have been published, warrant this conclusion. If this were the source of the Gulf Stream there would be a constant steady current running northwardly between Cape Antonio in the western end of Cuba and Cape Cartouche, in the promontory of Yucatan; but the currents are here found to be variable and irregular in their course, in their strength and in their position, while by many they are altogether denied; all agree, however, that there is a uniform current running eastwardly along the north coast of Cuba, as far as the Pan of the Matanzies. Let us then inquire whether the Trade Winds may not drive in the Gulf Stream through the windward passage east of Cuba. All intelligent navigators, best acquainted with this coast, unite in saying that the currents among the Bahama Islands, are extremely irregular and dangerous. That there is no uniform current found there, except on the north east coast of Cuba, running westward; but that it is not at all sufficient to supply such a current as the Gulf Stream. On the great Bahama Banks, the currents are said to change with the winds, and to be extremely dangerous in calms.

In the violent northerly gales which occur on the coast of Mexico, no material change is found in the elevation of the tides on that coast, nor in the Gulf Stream. But when gales from the north occur in the Bahama Islands, they are overflowed by the accumulation of water—the Trade Winds being thus suspended, if they were the chief cause of the current, the water would be lower than usual on the Bahama Banks, at such times, and highest in south-east gales. The Gulf Stream runs north-eastward along the coast of the United States, and gales from the north-east invariably increase the tides more than any other winds. If any water flowed from the Caribbean Sea into the Gulf of Mexico, its course being northwardly, the tides in the Straits of Yucatan would certainly be affected in the same way, by violent winds from the north, as the Gulf Stream is by north-eastward winds. During the violent northers in the Gulf of Mexico, as such gales are called, the coast of Yucatan would certainly be overflowed by high tides if a current flowed from the Caribbean Sea; but no material difference being observable on these occasions, we conclude that there is no such current.

General Bernard of France, the late distinguished chief of military engineers in the United States army, when surveying for the site of a canal across Florida, between the Atlantic Sea and Gulf of Mexico, ascertained that the surface of the water in the Gulf, was between three and four feet higher than that of the Atlantic, in the same parallel of latitude. It is therefore to be inferred that its surface is also proportionably higher than that of the Caribbean Sea. It is utterly impossible, of course, that any current should

flow from the Caribbean Sea into the Gulf of Mexico, and equally certain that this great accumulation in the Gulf of Mexico, can only find its level in giving power to the Gulf Stream. The Gulf Stream must therefore have its power derived from some source less variable than the winds. Let us examine the peculiarities of this great current and try if any conclusions can be drawn from these, as to its source.

1st. The temperature of the water is well known to be about 10° warmer than that of the Atlantic Ocean, on both sides of it. That when first formed on our south-eastern coast, it is about 80° of Fahrenheit, while the water on the northern shores of Cuba is 81 or 82° . It is therefore to be supposed, that its warmth is acquired in passing along the coast of Africa from Cape of Good Hope to Cape Verd, and thence between the tropics to Matanzas in Cuba, a distance of more than 5000 miles. Off the Capes of Virginia it is still 78° of Fahrenheit, and continues gradually to decrease in warmth in the proportion of about 2° of heat to 3° of latitude.

2d. The specific gravity of the gulf water is certainly less than that of sea water on each side of it. The gulf weed which is seen in the stream, is never seen on the surface of the water; while on the outside of the stream it swims buoyantly on the surface. It may therefore be inferred, that gulf water does not hold in solution as much salt, as sea water contains, or it would be equally heavy.

3d. It is said that no flying-fish and dolphins are ever seen in the Gulf Stream, and that when fish and oysters are taken from sea water and thrown into gulf water, they immediately die. If so, this is a strong presumptive proof of the above suggestion, that gulf water does not hold in solution salt enough to keep sea fish alive. But this is only presumptive, the water may also possess some properties or compounds, directly destructive of animal life.

4th. I have been favored by a friend with an analysis of gulf water, recently made by Professor Shepard of the Medical College of the State of South-Carolina, in which no such noxious ingredients were discovered.

The specific gravity of gulf water was found to be 1.0475. It held in solution Chloride of Sodium, sea salt, about 30 parts.

Chloride of Magnesia,	-	-	3	"
Chloride of Calcium, -	-	-	1	"
Sulphate of Magnesia, -	-	-	3.5	
				<hr/>
				37.5
				<hr/>
				100

No Iodine, no Bromine, no Sulphate of Lime was discovered. We cannot doubt the accuracy of this analysis, made by one of the first chemists in the United States; but future examinations may

afford different results, especially if the water analysed be taken at different seasons of the year and in different parts of the stream. So far, the gulf water appears to contain rather less of the usual salts than sea water, but not to be essentially different.

From all that I have been able to learn on this subject, I conclude that the Gulf Stream is formed by the mass of waters poured into the Gulf of Mexico, by the great rivers Rio Bravo, Colorado, Brassy, Mississippi and its immense tributaries, together with the Alabama, Apalachicola, Suwanee, and others. These would have a tendency to pass out of the Gulf of Mexico in every direction, but there are only two openings at which they can escape; one between the Island of Cuba and the Promontory of Yucatan in Mexico, on the South; the other between Florida and Cuba, on the East. In the Southern Pass, it encounters the current driven in by the trade winds, from the Atlantic, on the south side of Cuba, and from the Caribbean Sea. These being of equal force, and totally obstructed by the Mexican Coast on the west, the excess of water in the Gulf of Mexico, is compelled to take an easterly direction, and flow along the northern shores of Cuba. The power of the Mexican stream increases as it advances eastwardly as far as Matanzas. It there meets with the current from the windward passage, and unites with it at the point Iaco, to flow northwardly. They cannot be kept separate. Although retarded by this opposition for a moment, both are impelled by the vis-a-tergo; for there is but one channel for the two united. Neither can they flow separately or collectively in any other direction, except north-eastwardly between Florida and the Bahamas. The Gulf Stream being thus formed, first shows itself in its peculiar characters at Carysfort Reef, in latitude 25. It is there about 55 miles wide, runs at a rate varying from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 miles an hour, according to the winds, and the season of the year. When most water runs into the Ocean from the rivers, the Gulf Stream is strongest, if aided by the winds. Its temperature is here very uniformly 80 degrees Fahrenheit; but this very gradually subsides, and the force of its current very uniformly abates as it advances northwardly, until it meets at the Banks of Newfoundland with the current from Hudson's Bay and Davis' Straits, and there crosses the Atlantic in company with it.*

* Extract of a letter from an Officer in the American Navy, to whom these opinions had been shown:—

“The current running north-westerly from the Cape of Good Hope does circulate, but does not subside in the Caribbean Sea. It runs down the south coast of Cuba to the westward, and loses itself in the neighborhood of Cape Corrientes or Cape Antonio, which can be accounted for by the

The Gulf Stream on the coast of America has an eddy on each side of it, invariably running southwardly, at a rate of fifteen or twenty miles a day, but sometimes increasing even to two miles an hour, and extending about five miles in width. As every inquiry of this kind should be rendered as practically useful as possible, I proceed to observe that these eddies have been too long overlooked by navigators. If from fifteen to thirty miles a day can be gained by keeping on the edge of the Gulf Stream, in going a voyage to the West Indies, it is surely an object to save so much. Between two vessels sailing at the same time, the success of a voyage may be determined by the attention of one to this subject, and the neglect of the other. The first will arrive at the port of destination one, two or three days before the other; will have all that time to sell her cargo in a better market, and to purchase a return cargo on better terms than her competitor, who either from inattention, indolence, or ignorance, neglected to take advantage of the eddy.

But it may be asked, how is it to be known in the open sea, and at night, whether the vessel is in the Gulf Stream or in the eddy, or in neither. The answer is, that it can be known by means of a thermometer, with as much precision and certainty as the course and distance can be known by using a compass; a quadrant, and a chronometer, in every other situation. When

opposition of the collected waters in the Gulf of Mexico coming in contact with it, when endeavoring to find an outlet through the Straits of Yucatan. It loses its strength gradually as it approaches westwardly; off Cape Maisé it is generally three knots, and off the Isle of Pines seldom more than one to one and-a-half; off Cape Antonio frequently nothing, and sometimes variable.

The strength of this current is constantly varying along the whole southern coast of Cuba, which must be attributed to the Trade Winds being sometimes stronger than at other times. The same cause must operate to produce that variableness in the direction of the current in the immediate neighborhood of Cape Antonio; for, when a fresh trade wind has been for some time blowing, the water of the Mexican Gulf is forced farther back into the Mexican Gulf by means of the usual current running quite up to Cape Antonio; whereas, after a light wind or calm, the water of the Gulf, in its endeavor to find an outlet, is enabled to proceed up to, or past, Cape Antonio, until the resistance it meets with from the north-west current deadens its effects.

"The frigate *Constellation* cruised between Cape Antonio and the Isle of Pines, in 1826, for forty-five days, and it was with difficulty she could make way against the combined effects of the trade-wind and current. I had charge of a small clipper-built schooner, and was compelled to work her close in shore, where I had the advantage of a strong counter current; another evidence of there being a current setting to the westward."

you pass from the sea into the eddy, the water taken up in a bucket from along-side, will suddenly raise the thermometer five degrees. Other buckets of water successively raised, will show the same degree of temperature, while crossing the eddy, a space of about five miles; and a further increase of five degrees on entering the Gulf Stream. The same results, inversely, will be observed on recrossing the eddy, if the vessel has head winds and is obliged to tack; but if the wind be fair, she can steer in the well known course of the current, as usual, by the compass. All this may be done at night as well as in the day, and thus a great improvement be effected in navigation.

If, in a short West India voyage, attention to this subject may be found important, how much more necessary is it to vessels in the European trade? Outward bound, they may go the whole way to the coast of Europe, aided by the Gulf Stream, whether the wind be fair or otherwise. By using a thermometer occasionally, they may always be sure of the powerful aid from this source, about nine hundred miles on our own coast, and three thousand miles across from the banks of Newfoundland. The voyage back requires still more attention, lest they fall in with the current and be kept back by it, in crossing to the American Coast. When they reach the eddy of the Gulf Stream, they may run a course of eight or nine hundred miles, guided by that of the stream, and governed in its width, by occasionally using the thermometer, as directed previously. A vessel thus navigated, would generally save her insurance, and other expenses, besides having great advantages in the market, on both sides of the Atlantic.

“SWEETLY FALL THE DEWS OF NIGHT.”

Sweetly fall the dew's of night,
Gently swells the evening air,
And the moon, with maiden light,
Walks her dreamlike sphere:
And the flow'r now folds its leaf,
And the bee has ceased his hum,
Slumber stills the mourner's grief,
Rapture, too, is dumb.

Not a murmur wakes the shore,
Fill'd with strife and sorrow long,
But, in place of ocean's roar,
Hark! a breath of song!
All's not grief that being knows,
Skies are never all o'er-cast;
And from heaven a sweet repose
Anguish wins at last.

NATIONAL MINSTRELSY.*

The songs of England and Scotland! The very name calls forth the tenderest feelings of our nature. From our very boyhood they have been the companions of our leisure hours. There is scarcely a scene, which in the course of a chequered existence we have visited; there is scarcely a name with whom we have been united in the gentle bonds of friendship that does not recal some one of the songs of England and Scotland. And where shall we sooner look than to a repository like this, for exquisite tenderness of pathos, grace of manner, felicity of diction, and beautiful, because unadorned, simplicity of narrative. The collection of "The Songs of England and Scotland," is, with the exception of Dr. Aiken's work, the most judicious selection it has been our good fortune to meet with. Many of the more racy ancient songs have been omitted on account of their indelicacy, but there is still remaining a sufficient number which do honor to the taste and genius of both nations. Scotland, however, in lyric poetry, far surpassed both England and Ireland. There is something in the Scotch language, in their national character, and in their fondness for the ties of domestic life, which renders Scotland a much better subject of minstrelsy than her sister states. Moreover, her finest lyric productions combine the narrative of the ballad with the glowing sentiment of the song. The heart is enraptured not less by the tenderness of the sentiment, than the happy excellence of a well turned conceit, and the gracefulness of a well told tale. This is one of the leading characteristics of Scotch song. Whilst England has derived her songs chiefly from such writers as Prior, Gay, Raleigh and Marlowe, men far removed from those modes of feeling and thought current among the populace, Scotland owes all the glory of her lyric poetry to those who were born and bred in the lower walks of life, and who were themselves of the people. The Bard of Ireland (and Moore is the glory of Ireland in this respect), has, it is true, freely expatiated upon the beauties of his native land; and has interwoven in the web of song, some of the finest incidents in the history of his country—but he is an aristocrat in feeling. Independent of this, his mind is one of such refinement, that he cannot sing of scenes in the humble walks of life, not only from the want of congenial feeling, but of that concomitant plainness and coarseness of manner which is requisite to do

*The Songs of England and Scotland. Two volumes octavo. London: Cochrane & Co. 1835.

Musical Cyclopædia of English, Irish, and Scottish Song. London: A. Bell & Co. 1836.

justice to such a theme and to render it a favorite with the lower classes. His allusions are all too classic, his analogies often too far-fetched, and his style too fond of inversions, to render him equally the companion of the peasant and his lord. The remarks we have made upon Mr. Moore's style, may perhaps as justly apply to the best of the English song writers. But Burns, Ramsey, and Hogg, were of an entirely different class. Their minds had been formed amidst those very scenes and characters that were destined to call forth the hidden energies of their natures, to enkindle the lamp of inspiration, and to irradiate with almost celestial brightness the land of their love. It is useless, however, to dwell upon this topic. The name of Burns has been in the mouth of all classes for a half century at least. His fortunes, melancholy as they were, have served only to render him a greater favorite with his nation; and the songs which during his life were the admiration of the educated alone, have long since diffused themselves over his whole country, and over the whole earth. Go where you will in Scotland, from earliest morn till latest eve, and you will find the songs which he has left behind him fresh and green in the memory of his countrymen.

It has been our lot to have seen much of the Scottish character, and we can truly say that there was never one of the songs of Burns, sung by human lips, that did not find an echo in the Scotchman's heart. Never can we forget the impressions once derived from the sight of a poor blind Scottish harper, in the streets of one of our northern villages. The silvery locks that hung negligently about his shoulders, and the furrowed cheek and the tottering step, and the feeble accents of that old man's voice, all bespoke the sad inroads which age and care had made upon his constitution. Never did I see a face of such transcendent tenderness;—never have I known the heart so deeply interested in a subject as was his with the minstrelsy of his native land. A crowd soon gathered around him. Startled as from a slumber, at the noise of surrounding voices, he paused, took his harp from a small boy who served as his guide, and poured forth the sweetest—aye, and the most touching air, that ever gushed from human lips. It was the "Braes o' bonnie Doon," one of the songs of Burns, and the song which, of all others, moves the heart of a Scotchman when afar from his native land. The heart of a Scotchman was touched upon that occasion;—he took the old man to his house—he fed him from the abundance of his table, clothed him, and returned him to the land of his love, the nurse of his infant years, and the fond theme and hope of his declining age!

But to return to our subject. "The Songs of England and Scotland," contains a much greater number of good old songs than the *Musical Cyclopædia*; although the latter compensates

for this defect, by the very excellent music which accompanies the poetry. We were somewhat disappointed to find in both songs that had nothing else to recommend them than the must and dust of antiquity. We would have much preferred a larger selection from such writers as Procter, Cunningham and Motherwell, of the present age, than an indiscriminate choice of all that is old, and often of that which is merely antiquated—having neither beauty nor humor to recommend it. There are several of the Scottish songs as insipid as any of the extravaganzas of one of our modern fashionable parlour-loungers and song-enditers. Of the old songs of England we will make a few selections, in preference to those of Scotland; from the fact of their being much rarer.

The editor of one of these volumes has introduced us to another song of Sir Walter Rawleigh's, which we think equal to that of old Izaak Walton, and of which he speaks as "old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good." We select a few verses.

"Come live with me, and be my dear,
And we will revel all the year,
In plains and groves, on hills and dales,
Where fragrant air breeds sweetest gales.

There shall you have the beauteous pine,
The cedar, and the spreading vine;
And all the woods to be a screen,
Lest Phœbus kiss my Summer's Queen.

The seat for your disport shall be
Over some river, in a tree;
Where silver sand and pebbles sing
Eternal ditties with the Spring.

* * *

In bowers of laurel, trimly dight,
We will outwear the silent night;
While Flora busy is to spread
Her richest treasure on our bed.

Ten thousand glow-worms shall attend,
And all their sparkling lights shall spend,
All to adorn and beautify
Your lodging with most majesty.

And as we pass the welcome night
In sportful pleasures and delight,
The nimble fairies on the grounds,
Shall dance and sing melodious sounds."

If the reader be a misogynist, he will doubtless chuckle at heart, on reading the following racy song of old Gifford's:—

"A woman's face is full of wiles,
Her tears are like the crocodil;
With outward cheer on thee she smiles,
When in her heart she thinks thee ill.

Her tongue still chats of this and that,
Than aspine leaf it wags more fast;
And as she talks she knows not what,
There issues many a truthless blast.

Thou far dost take thy mark amiss,
If thou think faith in them to find;
The weather-cock more constant is,
Which turns about with every wind.

I know some pepper-nosed dame
Will term me fool, and saucy jack,
That dare their credit so defame,
And lay such slanders on their back.

What though on me they pour their spite,
I may not use the gloser's trade—
I cannot say the crow is white,
But needs must call a spade a spade."

We conclude our selections by the following, from Carew: it has always struck us as one of the most simple and pleasing songs of our language, and may vie, in point of elegance, with the finest of Sir John Suckling's ballads.

"It is not beauty I demand,
A chrystal brow,—the moon's despair,
Nor the snow's daughter, a white hand,
Nor mermaid's yellow pride of hair.

Tell me not of your starry eyes,
Your lips, that seem on roses fed;
Your breasts, where Cupid trembling lies,
Nor sleeps for kissing of his bed.

A bloomy pair of vermil cheeks,
Like Hebe's in her ruddiest hours,
A breath that softer music speaks
Than summer winds a-wooing flowers.

Give me, instead of beauty's bust,
A tender heart, a loyal mind,
Which with temptation I could trust,
Yet never link'd with error find.

One in whose gentle bosom I
Could pour my secret heart of woes,
Like the care-burthened honey-fly,
That hides his murmurs in the rose.

My earthly comforter, whose love
So indefensible might be,
That when my spirit won above,
Her's could not stay for sympathy."

We like this extremely well, and to the last three verses would yield our most unqualified approbation. But the length of the article admonishes us to close. There is no subject dearer to our heart than that of national minstrelsy. We have always felt the importance of Fletcher's remark: "Give me the making of a nation's songs, and I care not who makes its laws."

It is an expression deeply laid in a profound knowledge of the human heart. It is this that gives a caste to the national character; it is this that renders the hut of the poorest laborer in Scotland preferable often to the palaces of her princes. The national virtue, patriotism, and piety have become, to a great degree, concentrated in the lower classes. These themes, with the delights of home—the beauties of native scenery—the endearments of friends and kindred, blended with harmonious verse and the softest melody—are the ceaseless songs of the peasant. He returns at twilight to his home, to receive the greetings of his little ones, and to hear their voices mingling around the family hearth in chanting some tale of other men and other times. Every hill—every valley—every meadow—every river—hath found a tongue. All the events in the national history, from which a moral may be deduced—all that is beautiful in nature—all that is lofty in sentiment—all that is touching in feeling, are blended in her national minstrelsy. Her lyric poets have written for their nation;—they have clothed the objects of their daily perception in the most delicate hues. By enlisting the heart and the imagination, they have taught the poor man to forget his cares, and to believe his lot the happiest of the earth. Let us then hail with pleasure every work which may tend to rouse the energies of the American bard. No country surely affords a better field for the national poet than our own. Let him, therefore, who possesses talents requisite for this purpose, gird himself for the fight. Whilst a Moore, a Procter, and a Cunningham, are daily enriching the minstrelsy of their respective countries, will the American poet remain inactive? It may be a task of labor—it may be one of disappointment—yet who would shrink when glory beacons him onward? Let him therefore arouse—let him endeavor to preserve the national spirit

—let him elevate the standard of the national character, by holding up to the sons all that was noble and virtuous and daring in the achievements of their fathers; so that when, from dissensions without, or anarchy within, his country shall at last fall, let her character be such that even when the meridian splendor of her prosperity is dimmed, the nations of the earth shall look with commingled emotions of respectful sympathy and admiration at the pensive beauty of her decline. Beautiful, from the character of her people—beautiful, from the monuments of art she may still exhibit—beautiful, from her history—rich in pathetic examples of chivalrous daring, and generous, disinterested patriotism—which diffuse a chaste and undazzling lustre even in the moonlight of her adversity.

LINES.

The grave—the grave—the quiet grave,
Fain would I sleep within it's breast;
For every hour that wings it's flight
My spirit sighs to be at rest.

To leave a world of dark deceit
Where all is dreariness and woe:—
Would that my time of life were o'er,
For oh!—most gladly would I go.

My days, though few, have been as dark
As clouds that sweep the summer sky,
And life, with me—like their's—has been
In storm and gloom—to hurry by.

I've sat the livelong night—whilst tears,
Aye! bitter tears, mine eyes have wept—
And morn beheld a breaking heart
And aching eyes that had not slept.

And thro' the day, 'midst busy crowds,
I passed and saw—but took no part—
For darkness hung upon my brow
And grief lay heavy at my heart.

The grave—the grave—the quiet grave
Fain would I sleep within it's breast
For every hour that wings it's flight—
My spirit sighs to be at rest.

I would not live! my too proud heart
Hath felt how cold this world may be—
Unloose, oh God! the silver chord!
I come! I come! oh grave to thee!

CUSTOMS AND PECULIARITIES OF THE INDIANS.

THE juxta-position of the white and red man on the same theatre of action, has imparted to the progress of civilization more of the character and coloring of romance, than our fierce and sustained struggle for political power and pre-eminence. There is something untold in the history of the red men—a mysterious charm exerted by the aboriginal race, which, though unseen, is not unfelt,—which has begun already to throw a magic spell over our literature, and which may be expected to exert no inconsiderable influence on the future efforts of the poet, the orator, the scholar, and the man of genius. What is this charm? What is this influence? What is this mysterious power, which, operating so quietly and in so unostentatious a manner, is to make itself so deeply felt through all future time? It is that which is exerted by the genius, rites, customs, traditions, and other peculiarities of a singular, original people, whose destinies Providence, however strongly we may desire to sever the tie, has connected indissolubly with our own. It is impossible that this influence, running through our entire history, permanent in its nature, and producing in various respects, important and extensive results, should not operate largely in giving tone and character to our literature. It will be felt as widely, if not as beneficially, in the province of the nation's mind, as the dews of night, or the light and heat of morning, which fertilize its soil. If the institutions of chivalry and the crusades—if the martial spirit,—if the wild and semi-barbarous rites of the feudal period,—if the belief in astrology, witchcraft, and the miraculous power of men, which caused a superstitious people to tremble in a darker age,—if the union of Pagan and Christian, of the refined and rude in sustaining the same institutions and celebrating the same rites in an era of greater intelligence;—if all these causes produced surprising effects upon the intellectual character and progress of Europeans, and gave a certain cast to thought and public sentiment, as they appear in the productions of their men of genius—is it to be supposed that no deep and pervading influence is to be exerted on our national literature, by an association so rare and extraordinary as that of two races of men of entirely different character, genius, habits, and temperament, acting together in the bosom of the same community, through the lapse of centuries? It cannot, in the nature of things, be so. What is literature? What is its province? Not to inquire merely into the mysteries of the animal and mineral kingdoms of nature; not to scan deeply the laws which govern the revolutions of the heavenly bodies, and of the earth on its own axis;—not even to settle the relations which matter and mind,

time and space, number and quantity, bear to each other. No. Literature is the study of man,—of man, as a moral agent,—of man, placed on the theatre of action, and acting with a high object in view,—of man, in the history of his passions, his temptations, his struggles and his triumphs. Whether applied to individuals or nations, literature is the record of mental development; of mind acting upon mind;—and contributing to a high degree of moral and intellectual progress. It achieves its victories by competition, and not by isolated effort, and its character depends on that of the individuals who are brought together, and who exert a reciprocal influence on each others' movements. It is not strange that such associations should lead to important results. A novel, bold, original, imaginative people, of a genius wholly unique in the history of our race,—all whose rites and customs are of a wild and peculiar order; such a people placed in immediate contact, and acting side by side, with a race of cool, calculating, inquisitive thinkers, possessing a decidedly philosophical turn of thought, must, in their bearing on the national mind, give birth to a bold, racy, vigorous and original literature, full of the inspirations of genius and poesy.

The very obscurity in which the earlier Indian annals are involved, has been attended with one advantage; and that, it would seem, in our day, not a slight one; which is, that it has served to heighten the marvellous character of Indian traditions, and has thus rendered them a fitting and first rate material to be wrought into the frame work of fictitious narrative. Our men of talents—such writers as Cooper, Bird, and our own novelist, Simms—seem fully to understand this matter. In commenting upon the features of this peculiar race, imagination is not strictly bound down to precedents, but is left free to range over a novel and extended theatre, fearless of the lash of criticism, for having exceeded the boundaries of truth, so long as it keeps within those of probability. The truth in this instance is sufficiently exciting without the aid of fancy, and it is because what is behind the scenes may be more wonderful still, and yet be true, that the Indian character is employed with greater effect in the machinery of works of fiction, than in any other with which we are acquainted. Who can say whether the Uncas of Cooper, or the Sanutee of Simms does, or does not, come up to the true standard of Indian heroism? Who is competent to set up stable landmarks and true copies for the imitation of the artist? None but the Indians themselves; and the Mohican is no where to be found in our forests; he is gathered to the bones of his fathers; and the last enslaved remnants of the Yemassee race have nearly passed over the stage. The novelist, therefore, is left at liberty to constitute himself his own umpire, in doubtful cases. He has the protestant and American privilege

of judging for himself; and if he succeeds in catering for the public appetite with tastefully prepared and well-spiced viands—if his tales are well-wrought, suited to the humor of the age, and calculated to elevate public sentiment, he will receive, as he deserves, the general gratitude for successful efforts. Few will have the temerity, as few will possess the ability to call in question the *vraisemblance* of his pleasing and finished portraits, and he will probably have done as much for the cause of letters, in the opinion of his readers, and even of posterity, as the more assuming, though scarcely more veracious historian.

We owe this singular people much—not for their tender mercies towards us—but in the Indians, with all their furiousness and other repulsive traits, we recognise the instruments which Divine Providence has employed for our benefit and national advancement. The courage of our ancestors was strengthened and their ability increased by their frequent competitions with this savage foe. Their perpetual struggles about acres with an enemy always active and vigilant, prepared their minds and sharpened their wits for that greater controversy near at hand, in which liberty itself was at stake, just as the violent disputes of the school-men in the middle ages, about unimportant doctrines, successfully disciplined the intellect for those more difficult achievements in abstract science, which afterwards formed an era in its history. If liberty and the arts of civilization are worth preserving, they are worth a struggle. The hero who remains too long out of camp and remote from the scene of danger, becomes indifferent to martial glory. Nations, as well as individuals, become tame, dispirited and contemptible, who either do nothing, or who are without an object to call forth their energies. Attention must be frequently directed to new and exciting themes, and the powers and passions of the soul roused to vigorous and sustained exertion, or life itself will soon become a burthen. If the ocean had always remained unruffled by the tempest, piety would have wanted some of its motives, and the world been deprived of some of the most magnificent descriptions ever drawn by the pen of genius. The actors in the late Florida campaigns received the finishing part of their education and acquired their best experience of life on the battle ground of the savage. Their strength was tested, their activity stimulated, and their ambition roused by the occasion, and they are doubtless better prepared to combat successfully the difficulties and discharge honorably the duties that appertain to the lot of humanity, than those who, passing their serene hours amid the shades of retirement, were exempt from the agitations of so stirring an encounter.

* * * * *

The Indian languages are adapted to the purposes of an imag-

inative people. They are replete with metaphor and figure, indicating a genius for lofty and nervous eloquence—a trait for which they are remarkable. No languages are more copious, or embrace a more extended vocabulary of significant terms. The peculiarities of the Indian dialects are beginning to attract the attention of the learned, not merely as a philological study, but with a view to settle, if practicable, that vexed question, which has so much occupied philosophical inquirers in respect to the origin of the Indian tribes, and, as far as language is conclusive of the point, it justifies the inference, that the Indians are an original people and not of European, Asiatic or African extraction. There is not another language on the face of the globe that resembles the Indian tongues so nearly in its construction, as to indicate that they belonged originally to one and the same people. They are, on the contrary, unique in their formation, and stamped with remarkable and peculiar traits. Their most prominent characteristic is that which has been termed their polysynthetic or syntactic construction, a property by means of which they interweave the most significant sounds or syllables, of each single word, so as to form a compound that will awaken in the mind at once all the ideas singly expressed by the words from which they are taken, and which gives singular power and significance to their language. These combinations are made with exquisite skill, after a regular method and with fewer exceptions and anomalies than are to be found in any other language. The Latin, and more especially the Greek, abound in compounds; but the Indian tongues far surpass in this respect the classical languages of antiquity. A single word in their expressive dialects, often conveys an entire sentiment, for the utterance of which we should employ five or six different parts of speech. This must be regarded the perfection of language; and when we consider, that they are capable of combining an almost infinite number of ideas, “by innumerable versed inflexions of the same radical word with the aid of pronominal affixes,” we become absolutely lost in astonishment at the wonderful powers of their language. If poverty of speech indicates, as is usually supposed, poverty of thought, how rich must this people be in the elements of genius! It is not surprising that those who think they can best acquire a knowledge of human nature by studying the various methods in which men communicate their ideas to each other, by means of language, should be scarcely able, when they turn their attention to the copiousness of the Indian tongues, to restrain the movements of enthusiasm. What! shall a savage people, without even an alphabet, and without the aid of the powerful arts of writing and printing, concentrate their ideas in forms equally beautiful and far more comprehensive than those employed by the most polite and educated people, and by a single magic and

sonorous word, convey to the listening ear and the vivid imagination, whole masses of thought and sentiment! Strange as this may seem, it is no more true than wonderful, and finds its solution only in the wisdom and beneficence of that all-powerful Creator, who, while he makes none perfect, has employed the appropriate means of dispensing an even-handed justice to the different races of men. J. J. Rousseau was not so erratic in his speculations as some have supposed, when he asserted that savage life possessed some peculiarities which gave it a superiority over even the refinements of civilization. In the richness of a sonorous and comprehensive language, significant of thought and tender sentiment, they are not surpassed, if they are equalled, by any language of antiquity or christendom.

These views may appear extravagant to those who have not turned their attention to the history of the Indian dialects; but the doubts of the most skeptical will vanish when they are made acquainted with the very considerable progress made by foreigners, and latterly by our own countrymen, in this novel department of inquiry. It may appear strange, that the learned men of the older countries should have first occupied the ground and anticipated us in these literary labours. We have an apology, however, in the fact, that while they were enjoying the patronage of established governments, Americans were in the midst of strife and turmoil, settling a new and wild country, and building up new political institutions. The researches of the historical committee of the American Philosophical Society—of the Catholic missionaries of Canada and South America, and of the United Brethren, are deserving of the highest praise, and have imparted to a subject so little known to the literary world, an intense and absorbing interest. We have, it is true, few such men among us as the Baron Von Humboldt and Professors Vater and Adelung, who, to opulence and literary leisure, have united an eager curiosity and untiring industry in the study of the Indian dialects; but we have men whose superior experience, derived from a long intercourse with the Indians themselves, enables them to correct the errors even of those distinguished linguists, and who have done much to unfold and settle principles, and place in a true light the peculiarities of these tongues.

* * * * *

The style best calculated for popular effect, is probably that in which the sentences are brief, pointed, and full of meaning. Such is the style of Tacitus and Bonaparte, and such is the style of Webster, and generally, that of Channing. Such, too, is the character of the Indian eloquence. It is the natural mode adopted by those who, as they say, dislike prolixity, and wish to concentrate their ideas into a narrow compass. Each sentence

stands singly by itself, in the character of an apothegm; without however losing the thread which connects it with what goes before and what follows. The involved style—the long paragraph—requires more sustained attention, and is more apt to fatigue the mind of the listener. Still, it must be confessed, that there is an abruptness in the nervous and sententious harangues of the savage, which would jar harshly upon the ear, were it not relieved and set off by their fine and appropriate imagery. Their minds are full of poetical conceptions, borrowed from their direct intercourse with nature and the external world. In their stirring appeals, we see none of the obstructions of the metaphysician, but a clear discernment of the whole truth in relation to the main matter, leads to a prompt, full, and forcible utterance. We perceive, too, that they feel deeply,—that they sympathise with all animated nature, and that the heavens and the earth, the ocean and the river, the beasts, the birds, and the trees, are mysteriously linked together in their imagination, suggest thoughts, and supply illustrations. Add to this, that the effects of their oratory are greatly heightened by an elocution so perfect and faultless, that it would seem to have been acquired in the school of the accomplished rhetorician. There is a written style and a spoken style, which differ from each other in their features and accompaniments. Where the heart is to be touched, the passions roused, and the understanding brought convincingly over to one or the other side of a vexed question, the living and breathing orator, suiting the intonations of his voice, and the expressions of his countenance, to the sentiments by which he is himself deeply moved, and accompanying the uttered appeal with appropriate gesticulation, has a great advantage over the mere inanimate page or lifeless image, however touching or beautiful these may be.—The Indian orator fully understands this secret, and has attained in great perfection, an art which the ambitious statesman, through a life's long labor, is often unable thoroughly to acquire,—the art of conveying, by a few magic words, into the minds of a popular assembly, the sentiments which actuate his own breast, and which are of public and practical import. Providence seems to have compensated him for his ignorance of those arts of civilization which are employed to act on the general mind, by endowing him with greater tact and ability in public speaking, as those who, by the circumstances of their birth, or by reason of accident or misfortune, lose their eye-sight, are distinguished by higher intellectual gifts and graces, than fall to the lot of the majority of mankind. Perhaps there is not a finer specimen of nervous eloquence on record than the speech of the famous Indian chief, Oceola, delivered at the Seminole Agency, in 1834. Most of the Seminole Chiefs had spoken, and Oceola rising, to conclude the conference,

addressed the agent in the following laconic and determined style:

"The sentiments of the nation have been expressed. There is little more to be said. The people in council have agreed; by their chiefs they have uttered. It is well: it is truth, and must not be broken. When I make up my mind, I act. If I speak, what I say, I will do. Speak or not speak, *what I resolve, I execute*. The nation have consulted; have declared;—they should perform; *what should be, shall be*. There remains nothing worth words! If the hail rattles, let the flowers be crushed;—the stately oak of the forest will lift its head to the sky and the storm, towering and unscathed."

To one ignorant of his language, the Indian, it is said, appears to speak rapidly. We complain, however, of the same fault in all foreigners, in our intercourse with them; and they throw back the reproach with equal zeal upon us—a cool, calculating people, who are apt to think twice before we speak once. May not the whole fault consist in our slow apprehension of the terms of a language that is unknown to us? Ignorance must be the source of this, as well as of most of our errors.

* * * * *

The religious mythology of the Indians, and of all idolatrous nations, is admirably adapted to the purposes of fiction and poetry: These require, for their success, a peculiar machinery. The supernatural must constantly be brought into play, in order to eke out and accelerate the slow progress of events. The epic poets, novelists, and dramatic writers, need not be appealed to in proof of this assertion. Genius propounds difficulties, but it requires a witch, a goblin, or a sorceress, to get men out of their trouble. The christian religion is too sacred a subject to minister to the purposes of fiction: it is too sober a reality. It is too easily understood. Men resort to the dark, the hidden, and the intricate, when they aim at effect. It is true, that 'Paradise Lost' is entitled, by way of pre-eminence, *a theological poem*, but every body knows that the poet moves about in a world of his own creation; that his heaven is of too material an order to be strictly orthodox; and that his imagination supplies incident, and gives coloring to fact. We cannot analyze the work upon any known principles but those which governed his great predecessors, Homer and Virgil. His heroes fight as bravely as Achilles, and their panoply is as complete as that furnished by Minerva. The structure of the poem, complicated, yet grand, is fashioned after a heathen model; its *moral* only is drawn from the Scriptures. The same remarks are true of Chateaubriand's spiritual epic, 'The Martyrs.' But the American superstitions are adequate to all the purposes of a writer whose aim is to interest, astonish, and startle the imagination, by facts at once authentic and extraordinary. They

are perhaps more fully embodied by Mr. Simms, in his 'Yemassee,' than in any other work of fiction. That gentleman has succeeded in awakening a deep and living interest in facts that had an unquestionable basis in the popular faith. I know of scarcely any scene in the whole range of dramatic composition more thrilling, than that in which the sentence of outlawry is about to be executed upon the unfortunate Occonestoga, but is finally prevented by the interposition of *Matiwan*, who slays her own son.—And here the intense interest excited is enlisted in behalf of poor, unenlightened human nature. No miracle is attempted to be wrought before the face of the gaping multitude; no spirit is raised; no goblin, witch, or fairy, passes over the stage. We are startled and terrified, it is true, but only by human beings; men and women are the actors; we see their strange gestures; we hear their deafening yells: the voice of the prophet pronounces the doom; it is repeated by the great chief of the nation, and father of the victim,—by the matrons and maidens,—by the old men and the young warriors. The dreaded executioner approaches, and lifts the fatal knife, when in rushes the mother, and slays her only son, preferring the death to the disgrace of one she loved! It is a fine scene, and affords proof that the world of reality, which we have been accustomed to look upon as tame and uninteresting, furnishes sources of the marvellous as deeply exciting to the feelings and imagination, as any that are the unquestionable offspring of fairy land.

MEMORY.

There is a moonlight of the heart,
A lonely, sad expanse of light;
Cold as the meteors that impart,
Strange lustre to the wintry night:
A vacant being, which though lit,
By gleams that haunt it from the sky;
Still feels cold phantoms o'er it flit,
The shapes of those who should not die.

These are the memories of the past,
Gray watchers on the waste of years,
Shadows of hopes that could not last,
And loves, forever born in tears.
The mellowed music that they bring,
Falls sweet but sad upon the heart,—
Around whose brink, they sit and sing,
Of death,—and will not thence depart.

EXTRACT FROM AN UNPUBLISHED TRAGEDY, ENTITLED
"THE MAID OF FLORENCE."

ACT 5TH.—SCENE 3D AND LAST. *A Street in Florence.*

[*Enter Bondelmont and Decastro, in armour.*]

BONDELMONT.

It is a glorious morn; bright shines the sun,
As nothing loth to smile upon our deeds;
Yet look thy last upon his face, Colonna,
For soon the storm will burst—Oh, this still hour.
E'en while our foe arrays his alien bands,
And issues forth in all the pomp of war,
To add imagined conquests to his sway,
Within the massy palaces of Florence,
Her true born sons, with stealthy pace assembled,
Are arming for the fight. Dream on, vain man,
Insulted Florence will her aid afford
To swell a tyrant's rule! Soon shall her voice
In startling thunder, burst upon thine ear
And speak a fearful truth!—
The hour has come; our friends are at their posts,
Grasp hard their weapons, and, with anxious ear,
The promised signal wait. Their idle swords,
Too long confined within the envious sheath,
Now thirst for freedom and the tyrant's blood!

DECASTRO.

Why stays our messenger?—I fear—

BONDELMONT.

Fear not!

A startling voice now rings upon mine ear,
And shouts in tones of triumph to my heart,
That we shall wade through the oppressor's blood
Unto a glorious issue! Look—our scout.

[*Enter a Follower of Bondelmont's.*]

FOLLOWER.

Speed to your power, my lord; Colonna comes.
His escort now advances to the gate.

BONDELMONT.

Then to our post; surprise the feeble guard,
And raise the shout of 'Florence!'

[*They Draw and Exeunt.*]

[*Enter Bianca muffled.*]

BIANCA.

He comes! The proud, insulting tyrant comes!
His foes await, and my revenge draws near!
The streets of Florence are our battle field,

In this arena we the lion bait,
Whose roar has frightened Florence!

[*A Flourish of Trumpets. She starts.*

—Never more

Shall your proud summons call him to the field!
Tremble, thou tyrant, thy dark hour is nigh.
Sound then thy trumpets; we will ring our bells!

[*Bianca retires to the back ground.*

[*Enter Colonna and Bernardo, in armour.*]

COLONNA.

I take you thus aside, again to warn you.
I leave you my lieutenant here in Florence,
And lead away the boldest of her youth,
To vent that ardor in more distant fields,
Which else, confined at home, might breed commotion,
Think not each factious spirit is enrolled
In yonder camp. Sedition swarms in Florence.
Trust not these moody burghers. Let not sleep
Relieve your anxious watch, till you admit
Within the circuit of yon trusty wall,
The coming aid, whose numbers make you safe.

BERNARDO.

Fear not, my lord, these surly citizens
Shall never catch me napping.

COLONNA.

Then, farewell,

Here we will part—for I must now to horse.

[*Distant shouts of Florence! Bondelmont, &c.*

What means that shout?

BERNARDO.

Perchance some sudden quarrel—
Some private feud blazed forth.

[*Shouts.*

COLONNO:

Not so—by heaven!

The shout is 'Florence!' and the burghers rise
In arms against our rule. Oh, luckless hour!

[*Shouts.*

BERNARDO.

Again! Again! It swells upon the ear
In louder, fiercer tones.

[*Alarm bell rung.*

COLONNA.

And answering bells,
With rebel tongues, the mutinous clamors spread!
Draw then, and to the gate, we must exclude
The fearful force without, or all is lost!

[*They draw and exeunt. Bianca advances.*

Colonna! never shalt thou wed another!
The scorned Bianca, with resistless spell,
Has raised a howling tempest, that shall sweep

Thy towering hopes to ruin.

[Listens anxiously.]

Now unrelenting war usurps the place
Of hollow peace—and broken armour, wounds,
The bosom rending groan, the glaring eye,
The arm unnerved in death shall soon confess
The fearful empire of wide wasting war!

[Shouts of Florence, Colonna, &c. Bells.]

Fierce grow the shouts. The struggle has begun.
They bleed—they fall—that I may be avenged!—
I am a woman, and the sight of blood

My woman's soul appals!

[Turns away her head.]

But tis too late. Avaunt, slow paced remorse!
Thou can'st but punish, not prevent the crime!
He is a tyrant! They for freedom strike!
While they my wrongs avenge. On, sons of Florence!
Ye cannot fail. Ye are too strong, too true!
He cannot conquer, and he dare not live
To taste the conquered's shame!

[Shouts, &c.]

This way the war's tumultuous current bends,

This way Colonna comes.

[Retires.]

[Enter parties fighting and retreating across the back ground.]

[Enter Colonna.]

COLONNA.

I faint from loss of blood: my followers fly.
Alone, on foot, "and compassed round with foes."
There is no hope!—Yet will I shout Colonna!

[Enter three citizens, who attack him.]

Come on ye slaves, and face once more Colonna!

(Beats them back.) Hence, mutinous dogs!—

They rally now! My banner waves on high!—

They close in mortal strife. Oh, could I join them!

[He attempts to go off. Bianca steps proudly across his path and raises her veil. He stares wildly at her, then turns away and hides his face, and is struck down by a citizen.]

[Enter Conspirator.]

CONSPIRATOR.

On, on! They yield! For Florence! Strike for Florence!

[Exeunt Conspirators and Citizens, shouting Florence.]

BIANCA.

Bianca's soul! no base plebeian arm
Has struck thee down! Thy pomp, thy pride, thy power!
Where are they now? Thy boasted lances fly,
And thou art—dust?—already senseless clay!—
So soon? One moment since the warrior's soul
Beamed from that eye, and heaved that haughty heart,
And now—tis awful—e'en to me, tis awful! [Turns away. A pause.]
And art thou dead, and with the sordid dust
Doth thy best heart's blood mingle?—What a wreck

Of nobleness, perverted unto baseness!—
 Thou then art gone—and what is life to me?
 I am avenged! and care not to survive you.
 Already have I proved the fierce extremes
 Of love and hate, and care not to know more—
 Shall fierce excitement sink to dull despair?
 To live—to creep through stagnant years of life,
 And sink with slow decay? Come thou blest potion,
[Producing a phial.

Within thy narrow compass is embraced
 A score of deaths, bought by a single pang.
 Pour forth thy furies on one little life,
 And I will thank thee! [Drinks—throws away the phial.
 'Tis done! My doom is sealed. There now is no relenting—
 Death!
 That many formed and subtle mystery,
 So oft explored, and yet to us unknown,
 Will soon be known to me! [Covers her face. A pause.
 Thou harsh but speedy friend, I feel thy power.
 Already towards my heart thou workest thy way,
 To sap life's citadel. Oh God! oh God! [Sinks.

[Enter Theresa, Antonio and Savola.]

THERESA.

Look, my lord; she is found.

ANTONIO.

It is Bianca!

SAVOLA.

Daughter, what do you here?—
 Here, on this fatal spot, at this dread hour?
 Art thou distracted?

BIANCA.

[Rising slowly.]

No! "I am not mad—
 Oh would to heaven I were." This is my court!—
 Here I give willing audience to death,
 Who seeks in solemn embassy to win me.
 Yon silent tongue resistless pleads his cause,
 And we have shaken hands.

SAVOLA.

Speak not of death.

BIANCA.

I must, for he is near.

SAVOLA.

Too near, alas. Oh quit this horrid scene!

BIANCA.

Nearer, my father, than you yet believe him.
 Along my veins the subtle poison glides,
 And faithfully performs his silent work.

ALL.

Poisoned!

BIANCA.

I am. The work is almost done.
The bitterness of death has passed away.

[Sinks down.]

SAVOLA.

Can this be heaven's decree? Oh, vanish thus
Your father's hopes?—the promise of your youth?

BIANCA.

Alas, too true! Oh, how unlike my hopes!
My life moved onwards like a gentle stream;
Which meets at length a cavernous abyss.
And then one moment's madly wild career,
Which now in darkness closes.

[Dies.]

SAVOLA.

She is gone!

Alas! forever gone!

[Throws himself on the body.]

ANTONIO.

Oh sudden, fearful stroke! A thunder bolt,
Across a sky serene, were less unlooked for.
It startles faith, defies the proof of sense
To doubt or to believe it.

[Enter Bondelmont—his armour battered and bloody.]

BONDELMONT.

Is this but falsehood, or a horrid truth?
(Sees her body.) Bianca here!

SAVOLA.

[Looking up wildly.]

Who calls Bianca?

BONDELMONT.

Tis Bondelmont calls—

The wronged Bondelmont, wretched and deceived!

SAVOLA.

Unhappy youth.—But why should I bemoan
One happier than myself? To you remain
The victor's glory, and the patriot's fame.
To me—(embraces the body)—My all! my all!

BONDELMONT.

Victor and patriot?—For ever cursed,
With blasting disappointment like to mine,
Be all who dare, with base and selfish ends,
Their country's cause profane! [Covers his face with his hands.]

ANTONIO.

Ye who your sex's gentle worth would change
For passion's lawless rule—behold its victim!
And ye who trifle with a woman's love,
With ruthless hearts the bonds of faith disowning,
Mark well this scene, and dread a woman's vengeance!

[CURTAIN FALLS.]

LAMARTINE.

THE subject of these remarks, Alphonse de Lamartine, has been made known of late to the reading world, by the poetic prose of that master-piece of eloquent description, the "*Voyage en Orient*," by which alone he was introduced to this country, although he had long before been ranked by the Europeans among the greatest minds of the age.

The deep impression made upon Byron by Lamartine's bold analysis of his character, in one of the "*Meditations Poétiques*," and the uneasiness exhibited by the author of *Childe Harold* on hearing any allusions to his French rival, indicate in the works of the latter the quickly recognised originality that accounts for his suddenly acquired fame, which, although it sprung from the astonishment of the literary, is now approved and maintained by the critical examination of his merits.

Lamartine stands alone, unconnected with the literary minds of any age or land. He has imbibed only the pure spring-water of enlightened and virtuous soul. Nature is the home of his reflexions, the holy precepts of the Bible are his guides, a virtuous ideal of woman is his companion, and all these objects are his motives also, except when men and things occasionally intrude among his thoughts, which, when expressed, invest the real world with its own sombre and pale tints, the better to relieve the deeply variegated beauties of the chaste and noble proportions of a virtuous and energetic existence.

The influence of Lamartine on educated mind, during his own time, is unparalleled. As Homer in men and things, so Lamartine in nature and spirit, has avoided that false brilliancy that wit imparts to the productions of other minds. Lamartine has rendered himself in this manner no less universal than Homer, but in a different department of art, the Lyric.

With Lamartine begins a new era in literature. His idea, however, is not an instantaneous scintillation. That which is progressive must have received an impulse directed by previous knowledge and experience, which Lamartine gained from the history of humanity, particularly from the direct efforts of many minds to discover a new channel of influence. He owes much to the christian Greek orators and poets of the fourth and fifth centuries, and to a few more recent but less important writers.

Lamartine nobly and boldly rejected the long continued routine of the established and licensed profession of literature. He treated with indifference the servile imitations of all the classic turns of expression and idea. His novelty of idea, however, shocked less the Greek and Latin blind worshippers than his innovations in lan-

guage. But it argues well for the world's sharpened power of appreciating genius, since Lamartine has gained the victory.—His conquest is that of freedom in the domains of literature. But however greatly freedom may be liable to abuse, it matters not, while true appreciators exist, for the ignorant may judge by Lamartine and award the laurels to those who deserve them. The world is too old to bear the imposition of extravagance and superfluity. All the past has been enshrined in song, and whoever attempts to reproduce it, multiplies imperfect productions, mere heterogeneous vegetable compositions, to conceal from view the primitive and matchless marble-forms. Nay, more. He is a lawless Goth, overthrowing the antique excellence to build the temple of bad taste. He is an idol-maker to the christian world.

What is called wit, liberality of soul, playfulness, display of research, in others, becomes a nullity in Lamartine, who seems to us rather as an inseparable portion of the universe and ourselves, than as a world existing by itself, attracting and repelling by its own arbitrary will.

What *bonhomie* of soul must be Lamartine's, since that man Byron, whom he called "mortel, ange ou démon," could not excite his heart to a single expression of contempt or low-minded sarcasm, thrown out by other writers professing classic purity, to belie his in-born dignity! The sun-beams of Lamartine's intellect were far more effectual in winning Byron from his lawless exercise of power than personal denunciations. Byron saw mirrored in that pure fountain his own noble but vanity-stained brow. Greece next opened her arms; and to that suffering and weeping image of heroic virtue, he at last fled to die in her embrace. Oh Lamartine! well and worthily hast thou added to Childe Harold a closing canto both in deed and song!

No author before Lamartine seems to be conscious of the two-fold state in which the soul is made to exist; at best their consciousness is imperfectly expressed. Lamartine expressly declares, "Nous sommes créés doubles." This principle leads the train of his ideas upon love. His "Jocelyn" gives an unnecessarily full application of this principle, revealed with greater beauty and effect in his *Harmonies* and *Meditations*. Moreover, his *Jocelyn* produces ennui which denies him the epic talent and confines him to the lyric. However, his "Harmonies and his *Meditations Poétiques*," may be regarded as one poem in the light of love, but not of the epic grade. We will close these remarks with a partial explanation of Lamartine's idea of existence.

Lamartine believes that for each of us, exists in the other sex a companion, whom we can, when uninfluenced by motives foreign to true affection, recognise as the complement of our being. When this being catches our glance, it burns true love's return, and to

our voice repeats a sound in harmony. Happy era in the history of human feeling! Adieu to useless sighs and sonnets, when Lamartine is believed by the world. Who will then dare object to the union of two corresponding hearts? Lamartine is love's apostle. We say thus little at present upon a subject on which volumes will be written, but which we shall attempt to analyze no farther until we can interpret it satisfactorily to our conception of its merits. The following translations will in a measure answer to the deficiency.

We give the original of the following piece in full. It is necessary to do this, inasmuch as it has been rendered an object of interest by the numberless English versions that it has received. In the translation now offered, to heighten the effect of the rhyme, the lines are doubled in number, while the syllables remain unincreased. This and the two following pieces are from the *Meditations*. The two last are *Harmonies*.

LE PAPILLON.

Nâitre avec le printemps, mourir avec les roses
 Sur l'aile du zéphyr nager dans un ciel pur
 Balancé sur le sein des fleurs à demi écloses
 S'enivrer de parfum de lumière et d'azur
 Secouant jeune encor la poudre des ses ailes
 S'envoler comme un souffle aux voûtes éternelles,
 —Voilà du papillon le destin enchanté!
 Il ressemble au *désir* qui jamais ne se pose
 Mais sans se satisfaire effleurant toute chose
 Retourne enfin au ciel chercher la volupté.

THE BUTTERFLY.

To be born with the spring,
 With the roses to die,
 On the gay zephyr's wing
 To ascend to the sky,
 On the flower half in bloom
 At its will to alight,
 To be drunk with perfume,
 To breathe azure bright,
 And ere its youth be yet gone,
 With fleet wings mounting high,
 Like a breath to flit on
 To the vault of the sky,
 Is the Butterfly's lot!
 With such joys is it blest.
 Like *desire* it waits not
 On its course to take rest,
 But unsatisfied sighs,

Nor heeds aught in its flight
Till returned to the skies,
There to seek its delight.

L'AUTOMNE.

Salut! bois couronnés d'un vest de verdure! etc.

AUTUMN.

Hail! groves retaining still a verdant bough!
Hail! yellow foliage that scattered strays
Upon the grass. Last fine days, welcome now!
Your mourning charms both sorrow and my gaze.

I tread with thoughtful step the lonely way
And love with farewell look again to greet
That sun, already pale, whose feeble ray
Can hardly pierce the dark wood near my feet.

Yes. In the autumn time when nature dies
To me she seems through veils more beauty to disclose,
A friend's adieu, the last smile as it lies
On lips which death will soon forever close.

From life's horizon thus prepared to fly,
Weeping that hope from life has disappeared,
I still return and with an envious eye
Look back on good which never my heart cheered:

Earth, sun and vales, thou nature sweet and fair!
On the tomb's brink, I owe a tear to you!
So pure the light! so perfumed is the air!
To dying souls the sun's so fair to view.

Oh! might it by me to the dregs be quaffed,
That fatal cup with nectar mixed and gall,
The bowl whence I drank life with ev'ry draught,
Had it a drop of honey last of all?

Was a return of happiness now flown,
With me sent by the future to abide,
Perhaps, 'mid crowds, a soul to me unknown,
Had understood my soul and then replied!

In the piece above, the verse beginning with "Earth, sun and vales, thou nature sweet and fair!" contains a beautiful apostrophe to nature, not exceeded by one of similar character in any language. Lamartine abounds in such passages. Many poets have drawn their inspiration from him. Mrs. Hemans always returns

a sweet echo to his muse. The above mentioned piece is a beautiful exposition of the ties between soul and nature. The verse to which we have alluded stands thus in the original.

Terre, soleil, vallons, belle et douce nature,
Je vous dois une larme au bord de mon tombeau
L'air est si parfumé! La lumière est si pure!
Aux âmes mourantes le soleil est si beau!

L'ISOLEMENT.

Souvent sur la montagne dans l'ombre du vieux chêne,
Au coucher du soleil tristement je m'assieds. etc.

ISOLATION.

Oft on the mount, beneath the old oaks shade,
At set of sun, I sadly take my seat.
I cast my looks at random o'er the glade,
And view the changing picture at my feet.

Here roars the stream with foaming waves, and far
Flows winding on and in the distance dies.
There lies the still lake where the evening star
Through the deep azure now begins to rise.

The fading sun gilds with his parting light,
Those lofty mountain peaks with dark groves crowned,
And in her vapoury car, the queen of night
Ascends and whitens the horizon's bound.

In the meantime is heard a solemn knell
Through air descending from its gothic spire
The traveller stops and hears the rustic bell
Revive its notes, while those of day expire.

But to such scenes my soul indifferent made
To feel their beauty's charm is no more led.
I view the earth but as a wandering shade,
The sun of those who live warms not the dead.

In viewing them the time were idly spent,
In vain from hill to hill, from east to west,
From north to south, and through the vast extent,
I look!—No joy comes thence to soothe my breast!

To me those palaces, cots, vales, appear
Vain objects, which can charm my heart no more.
Streams, forests, rocks and solitudes, so dear,
One being only could your charm restore.

Let the sun's round begin or finish, yet
His course indifferently I pursue;
In an obscure or pure sky let him set
Or rise; no happy day will meet my view.

Tho' I might track him in his distant flight,
Nought but the desert's gloom would greet my eyes;
I wish for nothing that receives his light,
There's naught in this vast universe I prize.

Perhaps however far beyond his sphere,
There where the true sun shines on other skies,
If I could leave my mortal body here,
What I've thus dreamt of would there cheer my eyes.

Drink at the spring to which I now aspire,
There would I find at last both hope and love,
And that ideal good which all desire,
Which has no name but in those realms above.

Why could I not, borne on the car of dawn,
Vague object of my wishes, soar to thee.
Why stay on earth an exile so forlorn?
There's nothing common twixt the earth and me.

The autumn leaves fall from the wood and lie
Until the night breeze wafts them from the vales;
And like a fallen withered leaf am I!
Blow me thus far away ye stormy gales!

The beautiful idea contained in this last verse is thus expressed in the original :

Quand la feuille des bois tombe dans la prairie
Le vent du soir se lève et l'arrache aux vallons;
Et moi, je suis comme la *feuille flétrie*;
Emportez moi, comme elle, orageux aquilons!

The following *Harmonie* is, in the original, one of those master-pieces of versification, in which the mournfulness of the subject is aptly imitated by the monotony of the language. The translation preserves the same feature to an almost equal extent, and occupies more space, while the lines are of the same length with those of the original.

LA TRISTESSE.

L'ame triste est pareille,
Au doux ciel de la nuit
Quand l'astre qui sommeille

De la voute vermeille
A fait tomber le bruit.

Plus pures et plus sonores
Nous voyons sur ses pas,
Mille étoiles eclore
Qu'a l'eclatante aurore
On n'y soupconnait pas. etc.

* * * * *

SADNESS.

The soul in sorrow's hour,
Is like the cloudless sky
Of night, in which by power
Of moon's reposing ray,
The stunning sounds of day
In th' arching vermeil die.

More pure and full of sound,
We see to our surprise,
Upon her steps around
A thousand stars arise,
Which with the brilliant dawn,
Did not lead forth the morn!

Then far off isles of light,
Than those *we* know, more bright!
Beyond them worlds lie too!
Beyond these waves of light
Composed of worlds as true!

And now we hear in space
The strains of mystic choirs,
Of heaven's dispensing grace,
Of angels on our race
Preferring holy prayers!

And sparks that purely glow
Of our own souls of fire,
The prayers of us below
On flaming pinions go,
To raise our spirits higher.

Thou, then who fill'st my brain
Flow, sadness, from my eyes!
Flow, like abundant rain
With which the fruitful land
Is gifted by the hand
Of Him who rules the skies.

Accuse those hours no more,
Which thee to God restore
When life begins or ends
Tis man's fate to deplore
Exile from native shore—
Or loss of dearest friends.

But a portion of the following Harmonie is translated. The inimitable variety of the original metre, presented an unconquerable obstacle to the time allotted to the task. This is one of those pieces in which the author shows an affection for art as well as nature. Oh! There are inseparable ties between both; and here in America shall the artist be neglected for the scientific naturalist? Oh! Lamartine, now the prophet, soon be thou the active conciliator between art and nature throughout the world!

LA VOIX HUMAINE.

A MADAME DE B***.

Oui. Je pense quand j'ecoute ton accent
Que la *musique* est l'*Ame* des Pieux;
Et ces mondes qui flottent ou nous tournons les yeux,
Sont suspendus sans chaines de leur arc brillant!

* * *

THE HUMAN VOICE.

TO MADAM DE B***.

Yes—I think when I hear thy strain
That music is the soul of skies;
And worlds which floating where we turn our eyes,
Hang from their shining arch without a chain,
Whose rules of measure, laws of motion rise
All from melodious harmonies.

Antiquity hath said it, and it is aver'd,
Its genius oft by night their distant music heard.
I hear it come from thee; those stars of morn
Which with their lilies strew the path of dawn,
Saturn enveloped with his distant ring,
Venus whom on their steps the shadows bring—
Those cadenced spheres, those bodies drawn by unseen ties,
That course of suns revolving through the air
Are notes of *fire*, that God traced on the skies
For those melodious concerts there!

Those flaming globes why should not music fill
By laws which can the soul with rapture thrill,

When thou canst by thy melody at will
 Command the motions of the soul to haste or linger,
 Just as the golden cord that vibrates with thy finger.

* * *

Ah! when at last the summer evening's darker shade,
 With dullness fills the ears, with heaviness the eyes,
 When groves, long by the nightingale melodious made,
 Are silent, as its music in soft slumber dies;
 When by the star of dreams alone, and the crowd shunning
 The other heavenly orbs appear to be half spurned
 And when the lover's glance pursues the streamlet running
 And rolling in its sleeping wave a disk o'erturned;
 Beneath the dome where comes the swan for her prelude,
 With light of heavenly torches be thy song renewed,
 Come and sing here to solitude!

Thy songs will be more charming given to the night.
 Thy voice is too sublime for crowds and clear day-light.
 Reserve for grief thy most affecting air,
 To God alone devote breath which can thus inspire.
 For *music* was *invented* by complaint and prayer!

Before those sounds more powerful than frigid speech,
 Within the moistened eye thou see'st the tears soon dried;
 Regret too melts away, and grief's taught to subside.
 Hope then descends;—no bitterness our heart can reach.
 A sigh our long-closed heart to ope can teach.
 The atheist unconscious turns to heaven his eye,
 The mouth from which a prayer ne'er rose on high,
 In murmurs falters his first prayer.

Then voices coming from a mystic angel-choir
 And burning sighs of pious souls
 Whom life's rude weight confined holds,
 Upon melodious wings attend
 Thy voice; and, to the sky revealed by it, ascend.

Aware that the limited number of these translations will contribute but feebly to satisfy the curiosity of the public, we close with the wish that this author's writings may gain more attention than they have hitherto received. Lamartine is a stranger to German mysticism, English wit and French inuendo. His works are free from corrupting influence and full of motives of virtue and energy. Already has the perusal of his works made France a home for the thoughts of many. How useful are those writings that heighten the friendly familiarity between nations!

A.

THE MAID OF MARIENDORPT.

AGAIN has Mr. Knowles put forth his claims to the honor of reviving the Romantic Drama, in the play which is the subject of the following remarks. He is certainly the most successful of modern dramatists, unless, indeed, Bulwer may challenge the palm. Both are alike in one point—in having followed in the track of the writers of the old English and Spanish school, as contradistinguished from Talfourd, who is the representative of the classic. Their's are subjects that come more nearly home to men's every day feelings, and excite their sympathies by homely and accustomed scenes; while the high and sculpturesque beauty of the antique school, receives but the poorer meed of admiration. One class appeals at once to native and inbred feelings, while the other requires education and a cherished love for the merely beautiful.—*Ion* stands out a fair copy of the matchless and severe simplicity of the statue-like characters of Eschylus and Sophocles. Though a mere *cast*, it is a likeness. But plays of this school are not destined to be favorites in our country; they do not thrill as do those homely efforts of the olden time. We are not a people of scholars and critics in ancient character and costume, and to us the wildest fancy of the romantic drama, is far more comprehensible and interesting. The *Hunchback* and the *Lady of Lyons*, are proof in point. We warm with the struggles and passions of human beings whose springs of action arise from feeling, and are not constrained and ironed down as in the ancient tragedy, by the stern and unyielding hand of necessity and fate. But these remarks are leading us from the "*Maid of Mariendorpt*."

The moral of this play, if it be necessary to prove a moral to every thing, is the power, the unconquerable power and depth of filial affection. To shew this fully, would require larger extracts than we feel at liberty to make from the work; but in order to render those which we shall make intelligible to our readers, we present the following faint sketch and outline of the plot.

Meeta, the Maid of Mariendorpt, is the daughter of the minister of that village, Muhldenau. She is betrothed to Rupert, son of Madame Roselheim. The nuptial day is at hand—Rupert is hourly expected from the army, when Muhldenau receives orders from one to whom he is bound to render obedience, to proceed on a dangerous mission. Before his departure, in conversation with his daughter, he reveals to her that she had a sister, who was lost in the siege of Magdeburg; this recalls to her mind a series of dim and indistinct recollections. Her soul opens to the conviction that she will yet be found. Her father departs and leaves her the name of a Jew in Prague, to whom she should apply in need.

Rupert's leave of absence is recalled before he can appear to solemnize the marriage. Muhldenau is arrested and condemned to death in Prague. Meeta immediately sets out on an expedition to release and save him. She is repeatedly repulsed by the various officials; but at last obtains an audience through the Governor's daughter, Adolpha. The stern old veteran is so far moved by her entreaties, as to permit her to see her father.

The scene in the dungeon, resulting in the discovery that Adolpha is his lost child, is very touching. Meanwhile, the Jew to whom her father had commended Meeta, and who has proved a true-hearted and grateful friend, proceeds to the army, which is then lying in leaguer, not far from Prague, introduces himself to Rupert, and a plot is contrived by them, in connection with the movements of the army, which results in the capture of the Governor and garrison, and the liberation of the prisoners.

Such is a brief outline of the scheme of the drama, and we subjoin a few extracts from the text, to shew the general quality of the style. The first is where Muhldenau, having disclosed his purpose of departure, reveals to Meeta the probable fate of her sister.

Meeta. Sweet Heaven have mercy!

Muhldenau. It is well

To call for that—but better 'tis to know
That what Heaven wills is right!—Believe in that,
Thou'lt find it in the end to thy account.
But what is danger? Is't always the thing
We call so? Sin is danger, certainly,
Putting in jeopardy man's proper life,
The life to come!—but what is danger else?
'Tis hard to say! Of this, howe'er, be sure,
More oft it wears a smooth face than a rough,
So for the most part found when least expected,
And fatalest! The storms that are foretold
Are easiest met—the reefs avoided
That raise the ripple! He did not feast that night
Who saw the writing, to the prophet's mind
Explain'd alone, although reveal'd to all;
And while the impious revel yet held on,
The flood did turn its wave, to let the surge
Of battle in, and ruin overthrew
Him and his kingdom! Hear me, Meeta; glad
This summons makes me, tho' it threatens danger;
And, for I know that it will hearten thee
To bear my absence, I will tell thee why.
Sit down, my child. Thou had'st a sister, Meeta.

Meeta. Had!

Alas! was I so rich, and knew it not?

I had a sister! O what light and warmth
Of love, I never knew before, the thought
Hath shot into my soul!—And now—and now,
All's strangely dark and cold! How is it, father,
I had a sister, and remember not?

Muhldenau. Thou hast forgot the siege of Magdeburg.

Meeta. No! I remember that! I never hear
The thunder, but, I think of that!—or see
The lightning set the sky on fire, but that
Comes back to me!—No!—no!—I recollect
The siege of Magdeburg!

Muhldenau. How long did it last?

Meeta. One night.

Muhldenau. Three months!

Meeta. I only recollect

One night—and it was in the street, and men
With horrid looks and yells, ran to and fro!
On horseback some, and some on foot—some firing,
And some with swords which they did whirl and dart
As they moved on.

I recollect my sister! Were they killed?

Muhldenau. The woman was.

Meeta. And not my sister?

Muhldenau. That

Knows Heaven alone! That night of carnage over,
We searched the street—the woman's body found,
But of thy little sister not a trace!

Meeta. And you did search the street?—She was not kill'd!
Had she been killed, her body had been found
Sure as the nurse's—Yes!—and I have heard
Nine times in ten, when caught in mortal strait
A woman with an infant in her arms,
Altho' she lose herself, will save her load!
She was not kill'd, for didn't I escape!
I that did wail and clamor as you say!—
They hurt not me whom else soe'er they hurt;
And would they harm a little speechless child,
As like to smile at them as look afraid,
To come to them, if it could walk, as fly?
'Tis not in mortal man that's in his wits,
To slay a little harmless, witless child!
To wound it, scratch!—I would stake my life
She was not kill'd—Some one did snatch her up—
Take her away—put in a place of safety—
God bless him! cherishes her now perhaps
As if she were his own! Do you not think
She is alive!—I'm sure she is alive;
I have a sister still!

The next, is where Meeta describes "What 'tis to love a father."

Meeta. You lost your father
When you were but an infant. You don't know
What 'tis to love a father.

Esther. Do I not?
Yes; but I do! It is to honor him,
So we are bidden—that is, to obey him—
Respectfully entreat him!

Meeta. Nothing more?

Esther. What more?

Meeta. O, much!—O, very much!—Such things
We do to persons are indifferent to us,
Or to their stations! There is something more—
Better—less earthly—more o' th' grain of Heaven—
A love that's indefinable!—that holds
Ourselves as nothing in respect of cherishing!
That still is kneeling tho' no limb be bent,
And looking up with ever-gushing will,
Anticipating wishes!—It is worship—
Altho' no lip be moved, no eye be strain'd,
No hands be clasp'd—like that which hath acceptance
Above—O, the soul! O, how I love my father!
To say "before my life," is to say nothing—
That's his, and 'tis a gasp and over! but
To slave, beg, starve for him—forego possession
Of mine own dearest earthly wishes—havings—
I'd do it, Esther, in a moment!—Yes!
Not give 't a second thought! Remember'st thou
I once was froward with thee? I was then
A girl not ten years old—dost not remember?
I had found a hair of his—a long white hair,
And I had coil'd it up to keep for treasure;
But thou did'st flout me for't and take't away,
And cast into the fire—whence all your might
It took to hold me. Yes, I would have thrust
My hand into the fire to save that hair!
That is to love a father!

Esther. If it is,
Then know I not what is the love of one.

Meeta. You never knew one, said I not before?
But mine was twice a parent—that is, Esther,
He was my father and my mother too.
I never knew my mother, but I am sure
I should have loved her—dearly loved her, Esther;
But my father—nurse was he to me, instructor,
Playmate, companion, father altogether!
Think of that, Esther. Playmate! Such a man

To dwindle into a child for my sake! There
 I half believe I find the root of love
 Which has struck deepest. He to play the child
 With his white hairs!—There is not one of them
 But has a heart and soul in't—to me, Esther!—
 Don't smile—You know you own you cannot tell
 What 'tis to love a father.

The next we shall present, is where the Governor informs
 Muhldenau of his doom and permits him to see his daughter.

Muhldenau. What death am I to die?—Is't by the sword?

Gen. Kleiner. It is!

Muhldenau. I'm sorry, sir, to give you pain.

Gen. Kleiner. Sir, I can fight!—I love to fight! I think
 The blast of a trumpet music!—Beat a drum
 In concert with the shrill throat of fife,
 And my head dances!—It is mirth to me
 To hear the running roar of musquetry
 From wing to wing, along the blazing line!
 And when the cannon thunders clap on clap,
 So thick there's not a breath of pause between,
 I tower as I myself did hurl the bolts!
 I have seen death on every side of me,
 And given it not a thought! I have ta'en wounds,
 And never felt them in the battle's heat!
 But I can't bear to look upon a man
 About to die, and in cold blood! I own
 I am a coward there. Forgive me, sir!
 Have you a friend, sir, whom you wish to see?

Muhldenau. Is there one near me? You're a merciful
 Considerate man—you'd know when you would raise
 A hope—you would not raise one but to kill it!
 Sir, I had learn'd to think a boundary,
 'Twixt me and all things living 'neath the sun,
 Was drawn, and no more to be crossed by me
 Than the dark frontier of the grave once pass'd!
 But you have breathed a word, and it is gone!
 I have a child, Sir!—If she knows my plight,
 She's here in Prague—she's at my prison door!
 Is she?—Is it of her you speak?—That sob—
 In the next room! Is it my daughter's heart
 That's bursting there?—Is it?—My Meeta!—Come!—
 Thou know'st thy father!—Fear not for him—come!
 He has strength enough to bear the sight of thee;
 But not to want it longer, when he thinks
 Thou'rt near him! Come to him! Come—come! my child!

[*Meeta enters, rushing into her father's arms.*

Adolpha and Idenstein following.

Meeta. You bear it, father!—See!—and so do I!
 O, I was right!—No door that man can shut,
 But Heaven can open! Day did follow day!
 Chance pass'd away, and chance! Yet, spite of all,
 I looked at hope, and would not see it dwindle;
 And 'tis fulfilled! I have pass'd your prison door!—
 I see you! hear you! I am in your arms!

[*Muhldenau and Meeta retire.*]

Again, from the same scene, where he recognises Adolpha as his lost child.

Muhldenau. True!—you're right!
 I had forgot! Then see your mother now—
 As she was at your age, *Meeta*!—Yes!—my child!

Meeta. Sir!—father!—'tis the daughter of the Governor!

Idenstein. His mind is shaken by imprisonment!

Muhldenau. I beg her pardon,
 I beg her pardon, *Meeta*, yet I feel,
 As I were asking pardon of my child.
 Sir, were those eyes your wife's?—Those perfect arches,
 As though art set a copy unto nature,
 To try her cunning! and that domy forehead
 Of feeling, speaking marble! and the rest
 O' the features, with the form therewith consorting!
 Were they your wife's?—If so, they once belong'd
 To mine!—I cannot look on her and think
 She's not my child.

[*Turns up.*]

Idenstein. Why are you lost, Adolpha?

[*Aside.*]

Adolpha. I cannot help it! I am strangely moved.

[*Aside.*]

Idenstein. At what, my love?

Adolpha. (*aloud.*) To hear a father's voice,
 As did it never sound to me before!

Muhldenau. What said'st thou, *Meeta*?

Meeta. 'Twas the lady spoke.

Muhldenau. The voice too! It doth talk to me of home,
 As from my hearth—my very hearth it came!
 But she's the daughter of the Governor!

[*Retires to the back of the stage and sits.*]

Meeta, (*to Gen. Kleiner.*) Sir, are you
 Her father! Is he, Sir, her father?—(*to Idenstein*)—Both
 Do look at one another! Providence!
 What can this mean? Why are you silent, Sir?
 If she you call your daughter—Look at me!
 Don't turn away!—If she you call your child
 Was in the siege of Magdeburg, I lost
 A sister there. Is this she? O, a word
 To save a bursting heart! Her nurse, whose hand

I held by, carried her,—a soldier seized
The woman by the hair—

Gen. Kleiner. I smote him down,
And saved the child.

Meeta. 'Tis she! She's ours! She's found! My sister!

Muhldenau. Meeta.

Thy sister! What! in one another's arms!
Give her to me!

Meeta. Here, take her to thy heart!
Into it, father! Sister! Father! Heaven!

[*Muhldenau and Adolpha embrace. Meeta rushes up to them, and kneeling, clasps them both. Act ends.*]

The last is from the last scene, where the last words of the good old man are interrupted by the fierce sounds of assault, and the victors burst in, bringing him life and liberty.

Muhldenau. The boundary of yesterday
Is cross'd some hours. Come hither, both of you.
Kneel down! The longest time that man may live
The lapse of generations of his race,
The continent entire of time itself
Bears not proportion to eternity,
Huge as the fraction of a grain of dew
Commeasured with the broad unbounded ocean!
There is the time of man—his proper time;
Looking at which, this life is but a gust,
A puff of breath, that's scarcely felt ere gone!
Then comes a calm that lasts. My youngest one,
Least known, but not less loved—My Meeta—

Meeta. Father,
Am not I part of both?

Muhldenau. My noble child!
My Christian trained child! I did thee wrong
To fear exception thou might'st take at that
Which made my children equal. My found one!
My blessings on thee fall as upon her
Was never from my side. Join hands with her!
Love her for ever! as thyself. Two hearts
That join in truth, do make a wall of rock
'Gainst which the surges of the world may lash,
But only break themselves.

Adolpha. I hear a noise!
'Tis—

Meeta. Sister, peace. What heeds a noise?

Muhldenau. I think
I heard it too: and understand it; but
Whate'er it is, it matters not to me.
I see—the light comes on. Meeta, my child,

Thy father gives thee thanks for hours and hours
Of happiness. You have let fall her hand—
Take it again—never let go the love
That now doth join thy sister's hand to thine!
And take thy father's blessing, free and full,
Which Heaven attests that thou hast merited,
Who never wast but dutiful to me!

[*Noises nearer.*

Muhldenau. What, Meeta? These are not accustomed sounds.
There is a shining something in thine eye,
That looks like hope—and thine, my other child!
My children! is there hope? I'm human still!
I'll live for you, my children. (*Noises again.*) Those are shouts.
They move not with such sounds, who come to see
The spectacle of an untimely death—
For human nature, howsoever wild,
Is human still.

[*Noise very loud, as of a general attack.*

Meeta. Yes, father, there is hope! [*Enter Lieutenant.*

What come you for?

Lieutenant. The prisoner.

Meeta. For what?

Lieutenant. To place him in securer keeping.

Meeta. Hence!

He's in his children's arms—or leave him here,
Or take us all together.

[*Shouts and reports of musquetry and cannon.*

[*Enter Soldier.*

Soldier. You are called for,

[*To Lieutenant.*

To look to our defence! They come upon us
A thousand men to one—the castle's lost!

Adolpha. He's saved—

Meeta. Not yet!

[*Noise as of something giving way and falling.*

Adolpha. Hear you?—They burst the gates!

Meeta. It may be something else.

Muhldenau. Ah, now to die— [*Noise as of people ascending.*

Were pain!

Adolpha. The rush of steps!

Rupert, (without.) Burst in the door.

Meeta. 'Tis Rupert's voice—My father's saved—He lives!

Rupert, (bursting in with others.) My Meeta! honoured father!—
we have come

With life and liberty!

RIGMAROLE.

"THAT ENIGMA, (THE SEMI-COMPOSITION OF THE SPHYNX'S GHOST,)—THAT ENIGMA, OF ALL ENIGMAS THE WILDEST, ON WHICH WAS WRITTEN Πηγμάρωλ."

[*The Doctor*, chap. xviii. p. i.]

WHETHER the above quoted sentence, which forms the caption of our present article, and which is extracted from the great high priest and exemplar of rigmarole, can lead us to any more definite conclusions upon the subject than we already have, is, to say the least, very questionable. But upon a question of such moment as the proper definition of a character of writing and speaking, which almost universally prevails, it behooves us to proceed carefully.

Were we permitted to introduce specimens of complete and finished modern rigmarole, we could much enlighten ourselves and our readers; for it is far easier, as every moralist and child's nurse will aver, to teach by example than precept. But for fear that the persons from whose writings we should select, might imagine, that we had other than a laudable motive, springing from a high admiration of the quality which they possess, we forbear. For it is a peculiarity of those in whom this power is most developed, to be in most cases unconscious of its existence, and to value themselves not upon their real merit of ingenuity in travelling away from their subject, but upon directly the reverse. Sensitive and thin skinned mortals too are they all, for which they console themselves as proof that they belong to the "genus irritabile vatum."—So then we must pass them by unnoticed and unhonored, save in their own phantasies, or else we may call down upon ourselves a storm and hurricane of windy nothings, a cataract of words as flimsy as the misty fall of the Catskills after a dry season.

In all our experience in this quality, as put forth to the world, we hold "The Doctor" to be "pater et princeps." From the mystic trigon which adorned the outer cover of the book even down to the "quotationi-potent mottocrat, the entire unit who subscribes himself Kewint-Heka-Werner," throughout the whole 450 pages, you can scarce fail to light upon some exquisite specimen of Pantagruelism. Selections and quotations numberless, from all authors, sacred and profane, classic, monkish, or modern, in all known and some unknown tongues, with all manner of anecdotes from every variety of source and situation, now contrasting the solemn grandeur of Homer and the inspired breath of Pindar, with the wild fancy of the troubadour and the homely brevity and pith of English proverb—we stand lost in astonishment at the research and ingenuity of the writer, while we regret the waste, the aimlessness, of all this parade.

And herein it is that the Doctor asserts and vindicates his claim to pre-eminence, that ever and anon you find some gem of antique lore, or of modern beauty, which would have lain unnoted, but for his prodigality. There are plums in his pudding—it is not all mere nonsense. On the contrary, the rigmarolists of the present day and of this country, delight in the truth with which they cling to the purity and unadulterated simplicity of absolute balderdash. They deem the public appetite insatiable; the famine for words, they believe so far incurable and hopeless, that they may stuff it to any required degree.

But we may as well give our definition of written rigmarole: It is the power of accumulating mouth-filling words, which yet convey no sustenance to the mind upon any given subject; or rather, where one knows nothing whatever of a question to fly from Dan to Beersheba, and yet undertake to preserve a connection. Something of this quality may be perceived in the speech of the advocate, in the French comedy, who was requested to come down to the Deluge. No small example of it may be seen also in the every day reports of public speeches in Congress and elsewhere, in which the object seems to be to touch upon every thing under heaven but the question at issue.

But even in humbler stations there is a fair share of this excellence. Leading articles in our reviews, magazines and newspapers, are frequently most perfect and delicious specimens of literary absurdity. But it is seldom of that pleasant kind which laughs at itself—often of the more solemn and owl-like species—the big-wigged and pompous sufficiency of impenetrable self-satisfaction. This is at times too awful for complaisant laughter, and can be touched, if touched at all, only by the keen sting of ridicule.

There is with this heavy artillery of rigmarole, frequently, also, a running fire of small arms—but more generally both the learning and the wit are equally solemn and unintelligible, the latter reminding one of the attempts of Dominie Sampson, or of the figure which an elephant would make as a tight rope dancer. These are the men who catch hold of the tail of an idea, while the body, like an eel, is continually eluding their grasp. Of this description are many, who from multitude of words and those of the very longest, pass for an equal reach and extent of mind. Dealers are they in metaphysics upon every day subjects, men who will not believe that the sun shines in Heaven without proof to demonstration. These are the great guns, the Tritons among the minnows, or as our friend the Doctor would say, in his catalogue of bells, they are "*bom per se*."

But a far more agreeable and pleasant class is of those who delight in the mystification which they produce. Men of mischief, who wear a lurking devil in their eye, and tell their tale with a quizzical expression. In their wildest vagaries there is something

meant, which distinguishes them from the previous class, who evidently mean nothing. There is a method in their madness, and wild and singular as may be the variations which they perform, there is an under current of the original tune. A plain man scarce knows whether to take them in jest or in earnest. But it is seldom that they demand our admiration as their right and privilege; they impose no stamp act upon our appreciation of their queer things, and in consequence as seldom fail of reception. Even if they are at times carried away by the rapid current of their reckless wit to the very verge of sarcasm, they seldom cross the barrier unless provoked and galled into a momentary forgetfulness of kinder feeling. They delight in mystery for the mischief's sake, and like Æneas when he visited Carthage in an impenetrable overcoat of mist, they can see perfectly well through the cloud which envelopes and conceals them from common eyes. They exult in throwing dust into other mens' optics, while they keep their own exceedingly clear. Of such men was Charles Lamb, save that in him the childlike tenderness of his nature, the gentle and pervading influence of love to every thing animate and inanimate, never permitted him to trench on the frontier of severity. In his writing, one can scarce avoid picturing himself, as much and as quietly delighted with the overflow of choice humor, which poured from him almost unconsciously, as any of his host of readers could possibly be. He sits before us, slippered and dressing gowned, with his pale gentle features radiant and transparent with honest and true hearted merriment, even as they were. If there be any person who does not like, nay more, who does not love him, there is no hope of good fellowship in him; he may be a safe and trustworthy agent, honest too he may be, useful as almanacs are useful, but hardly more agreeable—but for a friend, for one to whom the heart can pour itself forth, on whom it can trustingly lean for support, one who can fully appreciate and share joy or sorrow, mirth or sadness, he is not the one. Let him not be trusted, let him be as one excommunicate from the counsel of your bosom. He may possibly be a good man, but never an agreeable one. Lamb has no harlequin tricks of wit, his humor needs not to writhe itself into strange contortions like poor Grimaldi, to elicit our applause. It is honest old fashioned English comedy.

But in paying our tribute of regard to a dearly prized friend, we suffer ourselves to be led away from the subject in hand, and to become a practical example of rigmarole. Our two first classes were of those, who, though differing in almost all other points, yet resembled each other in this, that they were more or less conscious of the attempt to deceive. A third is of those who have the misfortune to be born absolute professors of rigmarole, whose wits are so clouded and benighted as not to know that they are wanderers. These approach more nearly to the first class,

since they are generally half persuaded that they are what they profess to be, and as it is said that a man may repeat a falsehood till he believes it to be true, so they have talked and written nonsense until they think it gospel. The natural born rigmarolist is so from innate confusion of ideas, the professional one has superinduced it upon himself from an unlucky habit.

But of all the various classes, as there are specimens of written rigmarole among men, so there are standing examples of living and speaking pantagruelism among women. They are by far the more delicate in their irony, more plausible in their mysterious words and looks. It is their delight to contrive a situation, to envelope things which are perfectly intelligible, in such a world of explanation as utterly to destroy the possibility of comprehension. They know how to cast round every subject the meshes and toils of inuendo and hint, until one suspects that there is some deep and hidden secret of vital importance at the bottom. Their's too is the art of looks, which are meant to imply much that cannot be spoken, of mysterious glances, and all the implements and means of raising curiosity, which must feed upon itself. They are perfectly equipped by nature for the conduct of this most delicate game, and withal there is so perfect an unconsciousness of a hidden purpose, save to the sharpened eye, that few watch the progress of the war—they do not notice the archer though they feel the arrow.

Then, too, in the world there is much of *practical* rigmarole. This consists in mystification by actions, in opposition to the same effect by words. But of this we can give no examples—for it is not well to be alone, or nearly so, in the understanding of a question, and even if in our country the minority be generally in the right, they are not always most comfortable in their position. Every man's own experience and judgment will show him in this day of projects, many cases of practical and successful rigmarole. He may see it in the conduct of political parties, in the marshalling of prejudices in favor of any peculiar object, and even in the every day intercourse of social life. In every thing, from Victoria needles and soap to Brandreth's anti-calomel pills, all teems with rigmarole. Societies for all manner of purposes, are originated and sustained by this all powerful means. In the highest departments of government on this side of the Atlantic and on the other, it is a recognized diplomatic agent. Sympathies are enlisted for any even the worst cause, victims are found and sacrificed at any and all altars. It is the universal motive power, the secret spring of nearly all actions.

We ourselves have trespassed and become votaries of the mystic, and it behooves us to come to a halt, lest we be charged as partakers in the common fault.

C. P.

LA POLA.

"'Tis still the same—and this the Tyrant's creed,
The brave must perish still, the virtuous bleed—
Yet lesson'd by the examples which they leave,
The living shall avenge them, but not grieve—
Their blood has watered well our freedom's tree,
And sweetly hallows human Liberty:—
Even woman too—a dearer sacrifice,
Oh! hapless gain for freedom, when she dies!"

THE Colombians, generally, will long remember La Pola. With the history of their struggle for freedom, her story is deeply associated, and the tragical destiny which followed her love of country, is linked with all the interest of the most romantic adventure. Her spirit seemed made of the finest materials, while her patriotism and courage, to the last, furnish a model which it would have been well for her country, had it been more generally adopted and followed by its sons.

Dona Apolinaria Zalabariata, better known by the name of La Pola, was a young lady of good family in Bogota, distinguished not less by her personal accomplishments than her rich and attractive beauty. She was but a child when Bolivar commenced his struggles with the ostensible object of freeing his country from the trammels of its oppressors. Her father, a gentleman of considerable acquirement as well as wealth, warmly seconded the designs of the Liberator, though from circumstances compelled to forbear any active agency, himself, in their promotion. He was a republican of considerable resources and sleepless perseverance; and, without taking up arms himself, he probably contributed quite as much to the success of the experiment for liberty, as those who did. In this, he was warmly seconded by his daughter; who, with that ingenuity of contrivance, commonly ascribed to her sex, was, perhaps, the most valuable auxiliar that Bolivar had in Bogota.

She was but fourteen years of age, when accident gave her the first glance of the man afterwards the President of her country. At this time, with few resources and fewer friends and coadjutors, Bolivar occasioned little distrust, and, perhaps, commanded as little attention. Still, he was known, and generally recognized as an enemy to the existing authorities. Prudence was necessary therefore; and it was at midnight, and during a severe thunder storm, that he entered the city, and made his way, by arrangement, into the inner apartments of the house of Zalabariata. A meeting of the conspirators—for such they were—had been contemplated on this occasion, and many of them were in attendance. The cir-

cumstances could not be altogether concealed from the family, and La Pola, who had heard something of Bolivar which had excited her curiosity, contrived to be present; though partially concealed by her habit, and by a recess situation which she had chosen. The Liberator explained his projects to the assembly. He was something more than eloquent—he was impassioned; and the warmth of a southern sun seemed burning in his words and upon his lips. La Pola heard him with ill-concealed admiration. Not so her countrymen. Accustomed to usurpation and overthrow, they were slow to adventure life and property upon the predictions of one, who, as yet, had given so few assurances of success for the game which he had in hand. They hesitated, they scrupled, and opposed to his animated exhortations a thousand suggestions of prudence—a thousand calculations of fear. The Liberator grew warmer and more vehement. He denounced in broad language the pusillanimity, which, as much as the tyranny under which they groaned, was the curse of his country.

“Am I to go alone”—he exclaimed passionately—“am I to breast the enemy singly—will none of you come forward, and join with me in procuring the liberation of our people. I ask you not, my countrymen, to any grievous risk—to any rash adventure. There is little peril, be assured, in the strife before us. We are more than a match, united among ourselves and with determined spirits, for twice—aye thrice—the power which they can bring into the field. But even were this not the case—were it that the chances were all decidedly against us, I cannot see, still, how you can, or why you should, hesitate to draw the sword in such a strife. You daily and hourly feel the exactions and witness the murders and cruelties of your masters. Thousands of your friends and relatives lie rotting in the common prisons, denied the most common attentions and necessities, and left to perish under innumerable privations. Thousands have perished in torture, and over the gateway of your city, but now as I entered, hanging in chains, the bleaching bones of old Hermano, one of your best citizens, destroyed because he dared to speak freely his thought of these doings, attest the uncompromising and bloody tyranny under which you must momentarily look for a like fate. If you be men—if you have hearts or hopes—if you have affections to lose and live for—you surely will not hesitate as to the choice—the only choice which a freeman—one worthy and desirous of the name—should be allowed to make.”

The Liberator paused, as much through exhaustion, as from a desire to enable his hearers to reply. But, with this latter object, his pause seemed made entirely in vain. The faces of all around him were blank and speechless. They were generally quiet, well meaning citizens, unaccustomed to any enterprises save those of

trade, and they were slow to risk the wealth which many of them possessed in abundance, to the certain confiscation which would follow any overt exhibition against the existing authorities. While in this state of hopeless and speechless indecision, the emotions of the chief were scarcely controllable. His whole frame trembled with the excitement of his spirit. He paced their ranks hurriedly—now pausing with this and that personage—appealing to them singly as he had done collectively, and suggesting a thousand arguments of weight for the effecting of his purposes. He became impatient at length, and again addressed them.

“Men of Bogota, you are not worthy to be free, if you can hesitate longer. Your chains and insecurity will have been merited, and be assured, when they become necessary to the wants of your enemy, your present acquiescence to his power, will not avail for the protection of your lives or property. They are both at his mercy and he will not pause, as you have done, to make use of them. To save them from him, you must risk them for yourselves. To suppose that his mercies will keep them for your benefit is to think madly. There is no security against power, but in power; and to check the innovating terrors of the one, you must exhibit, at the threshold, the strong armed vengeance of the other. A day—an hour—and it may be too late. To-morrow, unless I am betrayed to-night,”—looking with a sarcastic smile around him as he spoke—“I shall unfurl the banner of the republic, and if there be no other name arrayed in arms against the oppressor, the more glory to that of Bolivar.”

While the chief spoke, the emotions of the youthful La Pola could not be concealed. The colour came to, and went from, her cheeks—the tears started to her eyes—she rose hurriedly from her seat, which she unconsciously again resumed, and, as the Liberator concluded his address, rushed across the narrow space which separated her from her father, and seizing him by the hand, with an action the most passionate yet dignified and graceful, she led him to the spot where Bolivar still held his position; then for the first time giving utterance to her lips, she exclaimed enquiringly,

“He must not stand alone, my father. You have a name, and you will give it—you will not withhold it from your country—and I, too—I will do what I can, if”—and her eye sunk before that of the chief as she spoke—while her voice trembled with a tone of modest doubt, the most winning and expressive—“if you will let me.”

The eloquence of the woman did more than all that had been uttered either by way of reason or patriotic impulse and exhortation from the lips of the chief. The men, touched with a sense of shame, at once came forward, and entered into the required pledg-

es. There was no more hesitation—no new scruple; and the Liberator, pressing the hand of the bright eyed girl to his lips, called her a spirit worthy of her country, and such as, if possessed generally by its sons, could not fail, in a short time, most effectually to recover its liberties.

In another day, and the standard of the republic was raised.—The republicans assembled numerously beneath it, and but little foresight was necessary to perceive, that in the end, the cause must eventually triumph. Still the successes were various. The Spaniards had too strong a foothold, easily to be driven from their possessions, and the conflict, as we know, was for a long time of the most indecisive and various character. What the Colombians wanted, however, in the materials for carrying on a protracted warfare, was more than made up in the patriotism, the talent and the vigilance of their leaders generally; and however delayed may have been the event which they desired and had in view, its certainty of attainment seems never for a moment to have been questioned, except by those who vainly continued to keep up an ineffectual and hopeless conflict against them.

For two years, that the war had been carried on, no material change had been effected in the position of the combatants. The Spaniards still maintained their ground in most respects, except where the Colombians had been unanimous in their rising; but their resources were hourly undergoing diminution, and the great lessening of the productions of the country incident to its unsettled condition, had subtracted largely from the inducements held out, individually, to their officers, for the further prosecution of the war. In the mean time, the patriots were invigorated with hope in due proportion with the depression of their opponents; and the increase of numbers, not to speak of the added skill and capacity of their arms, following their long and continuous warfare, not a little contributed to their further encouragement. But how, in all this time, had *La Pola* redeemed her pledge to the Liberator. It may be supposed that the promise of the girl of fifteen, was not of such a nature as to warrant a reasonable hope or prospect of its fulfilment. It certainly was not regarded by Bolivar, himself, as any thing more than the hasty utterance of her emotion, under particular excitement, having no other object, if it had any, than to provoke, by a sense of shame and self-rebuke, the unpatriotic inactivity of her countrymen. The girl herself did not think so, however. From that moment she became a woman—a strong minded, highly persevering and most attractive woman. All her soul was bent to the achievement of some plan of co-operation with the republican chief, and circumstances largely contributed to the desire thus entertained. She resided in Bogota—the strong hold of the Royalist forces, under the control of Zamano, a military des-

pot, who, in process of time, in that country, acquired by his cruelties a parallel notoriety with some of the foulest Governors of the Roman dependencies. Her family was wealthy, and though favouring Bolivar's enterprise, as we have seen, had so conducted, as to remain entirely unsuspected by the existing powers. This enviable security, the management of La Pola herself, had principally effected; and under its cover she perfected a scheme of communication with the Patriots, by which she put into their possession all the plans of the Spaniards. She was the Princess of the Tertulias—a mode of evening entertainment common to the Spaniards. She presided at these parties with a grace and influence which brought all their officers to her house. They listened with delight to the power and delicacy with which she accommodated her voice—one of singular compass and melody—to the notes of her guitar, in the performance upon which she was uncommonly successful. Unsuspected of any connection with politics and regarded only as a fine woman, more solicitous of a long train of admirers than of any thing else, she contrived to collect from the officers themselves, most of their plans in the prosecution of the war. She soon learned the force of their several armaments, their disposition and destination, and, indeed, in timely advance, all the projected operations of the Spanish army. She knew all the officers, and from those present, obtained a knowledge of their absent companions. In this way, she knew the station of each advanced post—who was in command, and most of those particulars, the knowledge of which, tended as frequently to the success of Bolivar, as his own conduct and the courage of his men. All these particulars were regularly transmitted to him, as soon as obtained, by a trusty messenger; and the frequent disappointments of the Royalist arms attested the closeness and general correctness of the information thus obtained.

Unfortunately, one of her communications was intercepted, and the cowardly bearer, intimidated by the terror of impending death, was persuaded to betray his employer. She was arrested in the midst of an assembled throng, to whom her voice and guitar were imparting a mingled melody of most attractive romance. She was nothing alarmed at this event, but was hurried before a military court—martial law then prevailing in the capital—with a rapidity corresponding with the supposed enormity of her offence. Her lover, a noble youth named Gomero, though perfectly innocent of any connection with her acts on this occasion, was tried along with her, and both condemned—for, at this time, condemnation and trial were words of synonymous import—to be shot. Zamano, the Viceroy, desirous of more victims, and hoping to discover her accomplices, granted them a respite of twelve hours before execution, sparing no effort in all this time to bring about a confes-

sion. The friar sent to confess her, threatened her if she ventured upon any concealments from him, with eternal punishment hereafter; while promises of pardon and reward assailed both herself and her betrothed, in the hope of effecting the same object—but all equally in vain. She resolutely denied having any other accomplice than the messenger she had employed, and prayed a release from the persecution of all further inquiries. Perceiving that Gomero, her intended husband, was about to speak and probably confess, through a natural dread of the death he saw so near—she seized his arm impressively, and fixing her dark eyes reproachfully upon him, she exclaimed,

“Gomero, did I love you for this? Beware lest I hate and curse you as I die. What! is life so dear to you that you would dishonor us both to live. Is there no consolation in the thought that we shall die together.”

“But we shall both be saved!” rejoined her lover.

“It is false! The tyrant Zamano spares none; our lives are forfeit, and all that you could say would be unavailing to avert either your fate or mine. He only desires new victims, and will not release his grasp upon those in his doom. If you have ever loved me, Gomero, speak no more after this fashion. Show yourself worthy of the choice which I have made, in the manner of your death.”

The lover persevered in silence, and they were led forth to execution. The friars retired from the hapless pair, and the firing party made ready. Then for the first time, did the spirit of this noble woman shrink instinctively from the approach of death.

“Butcher!” she exclaimed to the Viceroy, who stood in his balcony overlooking the scene of execution—“Butcher—you have then the heart to kill a woman”—and as she spoke, she covered her face with the saya or veil which she wore, and on drawing it aside for the purpose, the words “*Viva la Patria*,” embroidered in gold were discovered on the *basquina*. As the signal for execution was given, a distant hum, as of an advancing army, was heard upon the ear.

“It is he—he comes—it is Bolivar—it is the Liberator!” she exclaimed with a tone of triumph, which found its echo in the bosoms of thousands who looked with horror on the scene of blood before them. Bolivar it was—he came with all speed to the work of deliverance—the city was stormed sword in hand—a summary atonement was taken in the blood of the cruel Viceroy and his flying partizans. But the Deliverer came too late to the rescue of the beautiful La Pola. The fatal bullet had penetrated her heart, but a few moments before the appearance of the liberating army upon the works, and in sight of the place of execution. Thus perished a woman worthy to be remembered with the purest and the

proudest who have elevated and done honor to nature and her sex—one who, with all the feelings and affections of the woman, possessed all the patriotism, the pride, the courage and the daring of the man!

EARLY SORROW.

Muse not that grief should so have power
To take the start of ready time;
I tell thee, care was all my dower,
Ere life had well begun its prime.

Muse not, with fitful mood I start,
When all are smiling round, and blest;
Ah! little know'st thou, how the heart,
May rob the wearied limbs of rest.

SADNESS.

As gleams the daylight's dying kiss
On the sepulchral stone,
And seems to clothe in light and bliss
What should be death's alone:

So, lady, those whose features wear
The sunlight of a smile,
Can sometimes feel the unbidden tear
Gleam in the eye the while.

For sadness knows full well to hide
Its darkness by delight,
As clouds on which the thunders ride
Seem tremulous with light.

Then think not that a lively tone
Is evidence of heart as free,
For like the prisoner chained and lone,—
It sings to while captivity.

A.

THE PAST YEAR.

THE old year has past, has tottered over the verge, while his ill-bred and hasty descendant rushes on to take his place, with no sign of filial sorrow. The months run again their former and perpetual round; the icy breath of winter melts into the wooing coy and fitful embrace of spring. Summer, wreathed with garlands of the shady leaf, reposes where the fresh breeze may bring a coolness to his ruddy brow; and autumn, matronly and encircled by the fulness of her horn, pours her mellow glory over the fading year. So have they ever trodden on one another's footsteps; so by indefinable degrees and delicate gradations have the changes past before our eyes. Nature delights in no sudden contrasts, her mighty operations glide on with quietness and repose. True power is as much indicated by an unconscious ease in its exertion as by any other quality. The brilliant and soul-stirring passages of the master spirits of song, flowed from them spontaneously, and, as it were, by inspiration. So in the external world, those vast changes which affect the prosperity and enjoyment of all, are known merely by their result. We can point to no peculiar instant, when the change is actually accomplished. The dying year expires without a groan to warn us of its flight, and his successor enters upon his dominion with no coronation flourishes and welcoming pæans. And if ever a year should be marked by distinction, it is the one whose parting breath now sighs by the casement.

It has seen in its short span the ravage of fire and pestilence, and the chapter of terrible accidents has, in the catastrophe of the Pulaski, received its crowning horror.

First, the devastating range of the fire, whose course may even now be traced by the ruins it has left, the bones of a city, among the ashes of its funeral pyre. None who saw the beautiful and sublime, but also fearful sight of that night, are likely to forget it. The roar of the flames, spurred and goaded on by the wind which they themselves had raised, the flash and gleam of the sudden light as some more combustible part took fire, then the dull and heavy masses of solid smoke that trailed and swept with their portentous coils across our streets, the deep sound of the frequent explosion, followed by the crash of the falling houses—the hoarse cry of men mingled with the wail of women and children, the lurid glow which looked down, reflected from the flying clouds—all these sights and sounds of horror, are too deeply graven upon the memory of those who viewed them, easily to be effaced. But the shadow of sadness has departed from the face of the city, the scars which the flame left upon her fair features are fast healing over, and new

granulations, to speak medically, are forming and filling up the chasms with a healthy growth. As Cæsar boasted that he found Rome brick and left it marble, so our authorities may count it no small feather in their caps to have made our city of a more permanent and durable material than before.

Next in order in the catalogue of disaster, was the destruction of the ill-fated Pulaski. As no pen among the many which have made the effort has equalled the horror of the subject, it cannot be expected that we should dwell upon the harrowing feelings, which the bare mention of her name must even now excite. She went down with a sudden and fearful doom, and the dark chasms of the ocean glitter with her pride and beauty. Happy, most happy, those who passed unconsciously into another life, without knowledge of the weary and pining pangs which awaited those who escaped from instant death, but to endure the keen and gnawing fangs of slow invading famine, the agony of hope in vain. Yet was even this the scene of manly firmness and of feminine endurance. The sweet and gentle spirit of woman, rose amid the perils of the time triumphant and calm; the fears natural to her breast were restrained that she might render her holy aid and consolation to the faint and dying. Never yet has there been a scene of suffering and wo, in which woman beamed not around, the angel of the time, the fair sunlight upon the darkest cloud. Most fearful of all in this train of misfortunes, was the dread visit of the pestilence. From his secret haunt, the invader came stealthily and with slow and unmarked approach. His desolating breath fell upon the stranger who had sought our hospitality and found it in his grave. The air, bright with the light of summer, grew heavy with disease, and the dreaded visitant glided unseen into the recesses of domestic peace and rifled the fairest flowers.

*"Æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
Regum que turres."*

The graves of the stranger are crowded in our cemeteries; nor was it only of the wanderers from more northern climes, that the fatal list was filled. Some of our own, cherished gems in the social circle of our city, were marked and numbered by the fatal archer among his victims. But this too has passed away and its memory only lives among us.

The bell chimes and strikes for midnight, the year of disaster has perished from existence and become a part of the unreal and shadowy past. The New-Year enters, with a quiet majesty which speaks him justly heir to his rights. With the tinkling of wassail cups and the chorus of good wishes for his herald, he begins his course; peals of small artillery from every quarter of the city, welcome and salute him, and the stars of the clear blue above twinkle

and glimmer as if their never-sleeping eyes had been newly washed in the customary potation. Let us pour out also a full and brimming libation, bid the New Year all hail, welcome him as har-binger and omen of better hopes, the first fruits of a rejoicing harvest. And as in our solitary den, we turn off and quaff the goodly liquor, let us pledge all who are propitious to ourselves and our cause, all true and honest friends, all bright eyes—for we must not be toolimited in our wishes—all full hearts and truthful lips; all that is fair and beautiful in nature, all not utterly corrupted by art, or in which rests the least hope of final regeneration—a brimming and sparkling bowl to all. And now that this great duty is performed, ere yet the effervescence of universal kindness and goodwill has departed from our minds, let us to bed and dream of happy visions. “A fair good night to all.” B.

STANZAS TO —

Oh, we have met and in the dream,
That made us from our truth depart;
Have we not found full many a gleam,
That might have sway'd a stronger heart.

Why did they deem that we were more
Than mortal?—Why ordain it thus,
Our mutual bosoms to explore,
Yet hope indifference still in us.—

Why leave us free in every change,
Mingling our spirits day by day,
And gathering, in our lonely range,
New strength for passion from its play.

We knew the fault—we knew it all,
Yet so together did we grow,
We might not break apart the thrall,
And it was only pain to know.

Nor do I now the wrong deplore!—
Ah me—if prayers might aught avail,
Again, our hearts, as oft before,
Should mingle, and our loves prevail.—

The world's cold hands should tear us not,
Again, so wantonly apart,
But fortune, with a kindlier lot,
Again should link us, heart to heart.

E.

EDITOR'S PORT FOLIO.

VALEDICTORY.

THE short span of the Southern Literary Journal, is now brought to an untimely close. The last attempt at reviving the dying energies of Southern Literature, has utterly failed. In thus, for the last time, holding communion with their readers, the editors would return their thanks for the degree of attention which they have rendered, and the approbation with which they have been pleased to stamp their efforts. We have journeyed together, most patient reader, through the cycle of one year; our banquet has been served up to you in the best manner we were able; Providence bestowed upon you a healthy mental appetite, and you have approved our viands by the manner in which you disposed of them. Our table can no more be spread for you—the cloth is removed never to be replaced. We have so long held social converse with you and enjoyed your good fellowship, that we begin to feel lachrymose and watery about the eyes, at the idea of giving and receiving the parting benison.

Our object in setting on foot the Journal, was to establish a periodical in which the talent of the South, might find a free channel for its development; to unseal the hidden springs of poesy, and once more to try the extent of Southern feeling in favour of such an undertaking. Again the experiment has failed—failed in the support which should have been rendered both in a fiscal and literary way.

Out of a very large subscription list, scarce any thing has been collected, and it has been almost as difficult to wring any thing from the vast hoards of talent and literature with which our country teems. Whether we have discharged our duty to the Public, and redeemed those pledges with which we began our Editorial career, is for the decision of that Public.

In the Northern States, scarce any town of note but has its home productions of literature. They teem throughout the country, and are well supported in general. But in all the vast reach, from the Potomac to the Mississippi, there is but one periodical of any pretension to standing, and that one is struggling against the dull current of inactivity. Its course has been persevering, may it also be successful. It is the wont of our Southern people to boast of their Southern spirit, of their attachment to Southern institutions, and their determination to support any Southern enterprise. The failure of the present undertaking, will shew how much of this effervescence of patriotism is blown off in public speeches and private assevera-

tions. But we have not met you, gentle reader, for the last time, to indulge in reproach and cavil, or if we do, you must take it but as a lover-like quarrel, which will render our reconciliation more delightful. Let no evil thoughts mar the serenity and parting peace which should mantle upon our visage as we make our last adieu. Like Cæsar, we would die with grace and decency. And in obedience to a high moral precept, ere we shuffle off this mortal coil, let us exchange forgiveness with the world at large. If in our carelessness we have wounded the feelings, or touched the sensitive pride of authorship in any man, we tender him our regrets for having so done, as we also on our own behalf and that of our contributors heartily forgive any who may have wielded the scourge of ephemeral criticism, with unsparing hand.

And to those friends who have yielded us their countenance and support, who have aided to fill up the monthly chasm, what shall we say? Good men and true have they been to us, and their aid is not forgotten. They have cast a plank to the strugglers and assisted them to refit for another voyage. Their good deeds are registered and enrolled for perpetual testimony to them.

But to thee, dearest reader, we owe more than we can repay, and as we feel the sad and wringing pressure of your hand and mark the tear-drop unbidden gleam in your sympathetic eye, as you gaze upon us, struggling in the death-rattles, we can but bid the benison of the dying rest upon you. Once more let us return with clammy and expiring grasp, the earnest sympathy of your farewell; close our eyes, see that we are laid out so as to make a graceful and becoming corpse, bid our departing spirit peace, choose out for us some green and fairy spot for a sepulchre in the Pere la Chaise of your memory, and there erect to us a monument more durable than brass; and at times as you cast your regretful eye back upon the course we have travelled together, give one sigh to the memory of the departed. And should any rash wight hereafter endeavor to explore the unknown and frozen regions of periodical literature, bid him ponder well upon our fate, point out to him the shattered wreck and disjoined timbers of what was once a goodly ship, and let him moralize upon it. Tell him that his track, like that of the caravans in the African desert, must be traced by the bones of former travellers.

But our breath fails us, the term of our being is drawing near—the Editor's lamp is flickering with a ghastly light for the last time. But a short while and we are not—our motto shall be that of Junius, “stat nominis umbra”—and, as Editors, our place shall know us no more.

It is a fearful thing, this passing out of existence—becoming absolutely annihilated, void and of none effect. And yet, short as has been our absolute life, much enjoyment has been crowded into it. We die like many flowers of brightest hue, with the year. Farewell, then, long suffering reader, “vale, iterum atque iterum vale,” and as the old Roman comedian was wont to bid the audience on his departure from the stage, so say we, with all humility, “*Plaudite.*”

December, 1838.

OAK ISLAND, THE RESIDENCE OF WILLIAM SEABROOK.

EDINGSVILLE, S. C., OCT. 1838.

We have been for sometime past, enjoying the fresh and delightful sea-breeze of this summer retreat. A week or two since, we were one of a numerous party, who were invited to spend a day at Oak Island, the residence of William Seabrook, Esq. As we like to do all similar invitations, we acknowledged this by our personal attendance; and that our absent friends may know what they missed in not being there, we shall present them with a glance at the day's frolic.

To begin then—Phœbus had already harnessed his coursers for the day, and had well warmed and animated this earth by a drive of some three or four hours, when our party determined to set out upon their jaunt of pleasure. The day was a glorious one—

No speck, nor spot, nor stain, disturbed the serene
Of Heaven.—

Every one was in good spirits, and even the horses themselves seemed animated for the occasion. And as folks dare not think us proud, our horses were not like the modest John Gilpin "hitched just three doors off," But full up to the door they came, and with the exception of here and there a loitering sweet heart, who wished to look a word or two to his or her loved one, quick into their seats was each of our party placed—some a horse back, solus—some in gigs, solo cum sola—and others in omnium gatherum style in carriages. And now with joyous hearts and merry countenances—the young ones playing all sorts of pranks, and the old ones with counterfeited glee, winking approval—we were off for "Oak Island."

After a ride of four or five miles through several fine settled plantations, we were within the premises of our host. Just as Oak Island presents itself to view, you encounter an enclosed park of several acres square, in which a number of deer are seen skipping and frisking about, or browsing under the umbrageous foliage of the sweet scented pine. A straight avenue of about half a mile in length leads from this to the mansion; and presents a view exceedingly beautiful. The road leading up to the settlement is broad and graded with white shells, which, contrasted with the green verdure of the cotton plants on either side, decorated with their brilliant and varied blossoms, and the snowy appearance of their opening pods, afford to the eye a sensation scarcely exceeded in pleasantness. You now perceive that the settlement is situated upon a small island connected with the larger one by a well constructed causeway. Nature seems to have intended the spot for a man of taste. All around the margin of this island, grows the live oak—the dense and sombre foliage of which, forms a hedge which seems to grow out of the surrounding water. In the centre of this island stands the mansion, in front of which is a lawn of perpetual sward, intersected by neatly graded paths leading to the various points of attraction, which surround the place.

Casting our eye around, where shall be our first stray. Shall we walk with you to yonder sheet of cool and silvery water, with the grotto which

seems to float in its midst, and where the children are playing "American and English," and making the fish pond, like a miniature ocean, resound with the noisy battles of their warlike ships? But hold! let us not come upon them too suddenly, else we may shame them from their innocent merriment, and perchance damp the genius of some embryo commodore. We will approach them by different paths. You may take that serpentine way, along the bank of yonder stream; where ever and anon you may halt and rest yourself under the shade of beautiful evergreens, or if rapt in admiration at the various and odoriferous flowers which throw themselves in your way, you may recline under the arbor of some sweet scented vine, and listen to the blended harmony of the birds around. We with a view of enjoying our palates, as well as our eyes and ears, will approach by another path, through yonder orchard, and shall pluck on our way sweet flavored fruits, some of which we shall bring to refresh thyself and the children—thyself after thy walk, and the children after their hard fought battles. Having thus enjoyed ourselves, we will return by yet another path, and admire the exhibitions of yonder garden, where grow,

"Far diffused around—

One boundless blush, one white empurpled shower
Of mingled blossoms; where the raptured eye
Hurries from joy to joy, and hid beneath
The fair profusion, beauties innumerable views."

And here if you are not a lover of flowers, (and I pray God you may be no such man,) let me advise you for the sake of your character and taste, not to enter this garden—for here you will find no such stingy motto, "see but touch not." If your admiring eye but chance to fall upon a floweret—be it ever so choice—if but your dainty nose snuffle up the scent of its aroma, the ever attentive proprietress has her clippers ready at hand to pluck the same, and will present it with so easy a grace, that be you the "rugged bear or armed rhinoceros," you cannot resist its reception. If, however, your soul be of the true poetic cast, (and would that ours were,) then may your pleasure be complete. If such a soul you have, we leave you to the gentle guidance of our kind lady. When you have wandered through, and have seen flowers of all hues, you may meet us at yonder embowered room, where we shall be found stretching our limbs and nerves over a game of billiards. Of one thing however be sure; should the kind lady propose a previous resting in her drawing room, forget not to give us the wink, else we may miss the choice good things she always has in store. For the life of thee, we would not be missing at the refreshing cup of tea and chocolate, and other nice things which she has ever so properly and socially considered the crowning achievement of a garden walk. Beside, if you be one of the more solid kind, a married man, we could lead you into a secret, and introduce you into a side room, and there gratify your sharpened appetite with delicate slices of ham and tongue, of Bologna and cheese, of butter and curds and cream, with as rich a glass of "any liquid thing you please," as ever passed the lips of a true-bred epicurean.

After this, we will be ready with thee for any thing. To give ourselves

an appetite for dinner, we will either take another walk with the ladies—or we will form rowing parties, and swim them in gondolas on the river just floating by, or leaving them to make mischief and love, we will with more sobriety ride out into the fields with our host, and see his well conducted experiments in agriculture—his fields white with cotton and yellow with grain—and his fine cattle of all kinds browsing about over the extended meadows which surround his mansion. If not too fatigued, and if dinner hour be not yet arrived, we may ride with him to the settlement of his late lamented father, where you will find improvements scarce less elegant than those you have just witnessed. You may there witness the busy spot where the steamboat weekly lands its wares, thus affording to the island all the comforts and luxuries of the city.

And now, having gone through all or any of these recreations, you may return with us to dinner, and be your appetite good, bad, or indifferent, it will scarce fail of being excited by some of the excellent things which we are sure you will find upon the table of our host. Are you dyspeptic, or is your blood too hot for “generous drink,”—are you afraid of being too much excited, you may call for an iced lemonade, or a glass of frozen claret, or any other light beverage you please; but if, like ourselves, you are growing old, and your blood be chilly, and your condition require something soul-stirring, then may you enjoy a feast indeed. You may either quaff a goblet of the exhilarating nectar of the champagne, or a glass of golden madeira, or the pale or brown tinted sherry, or the true blood colored port, or any other drink thy yearning lips might love to taste.

A DIGEST OF THE CASES DECIDED IN THE SUPERIOR COURTS OF LAW OF THE STATE OF SOUTH-CAROLINA, FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD TO THE PRESENT TIME. BY WILLIAM RICE, ATTORNEY AT LAW. IN 2 VOLUMES; VOL. I. CHARLESTON: PRINTED BY BURGESS & JAMES. 1838.

In the preparation and publication of this work, Mr. Rice has achieved a labor for which the barrister and jurist of South-Carolina should return him their thanks. Such a work has long been a desideratum by the profession, and is executed in a manner that reflects credit upon the talents, industry, and fidelity of the author. In a narrow compass, it concentrates much valuable information heretofore scattered through many volumes of reports and decisions—thus greatly shortening the duties, abridging the labors and saving the time of the profession, as well as facilitating the progress of the student in his knowledge of the laws. It is in fact a clear, comprehensive, practical, and labor-saving digest of decided cases: covering, in the volume already issued, a large number of the most important titles embraced in our municipal code, and when completed in the same style, will furnish a thorough and highly desirable manual of our entire local jurisprudence.

The labor of preparing such a work must have been great, and the fidelity and good taste which are displayed in the arrangement of its several parts, will add to the laurels of the already distinguished individual who has devoted such laudable and unwearied efforts to the advancement of legal science and the cause of public justice.

A DIGESTED INDEX OF THE STATUTE LAW OF SOUTH-CAROLINA, FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD TO THE YEAR 1836, INCLUSIVE. BY WILLIAM RICE. CHARLESTON: BURGESS & JAMES. 1838.

This is another highly valuable contribution to the library, not only of the lawyer, but the citizen, by the same indefatigable author—a work scarcely less valuable than the preceding, embracing, as it does, in a single volume of four hundred pages, a general, yet distinct outline, of the Statute Law of South Carolina, from the earliest period down to the year 1836. The author modestly entitles his work an *Index*, but it is more. It embodies a fund of information, and should be regarded as an indispensable text book of the profession. The student who thoroughly examines its pages, will know as much of the Statute Law of the State as may be necessary to guide him in his practice, and will probably have a more perfect idea of the entire statutes than he would derive from wading through all the volumes that have been published on the subject, since the Declaration of American Independence. Both these works are very neatly printed.

OLIVER TWIST.—PART 2.—This work seems to increase in interest as it advances to its close. We hesitate not to say that it is one of the most powerfully written books it has been our fortune to peruse of late, and in confirmation, among many other scenes, would refer to that of the attempted escape and involuntary self-destruction of the murderer Sykes. It is a picture of perfect horror. And as Boz can thus work upon sentiment or fear, so has he equal mastery over the finer sympathies of our nature. Rose Maylie is one of the most dove-like imaginations that have ever been pictured forth, and the tale of her love is well told and happily consummated.

If we were to find any fault with the book, it would be this, that too much of the secret sin and violence of the London world is set before us, he gives us depravity in too large doses. It shocks and stuns the nerves, and deadens upon the sense by repetition. We know no work which could more easily be dramatized, or rather which would afford the material for so many dramatic efforts. A skilful playwright could make a melo-drama from it of thrilling interest.

MR. BUCKINGHAM.—This gentleman has commenced a course of lectures upon Egypt, Palestine, &c. His success so far has been unparalleled, and we do not remember to have seen a more crowded house in this city of late years, than was presented in the "Old Theatre," the second night of his lectures. His authority for the facts he states is unquestionable, for he has traversed every portion of the countries which he undertakes to describe. His style of speaking, though not striking in point of elocution and delivery, is remarkably simple and of course pleasing. He makes no pretension to a fervid eloquence, but tells his tale in an honest downright manner, which induces conviction of its truth. It is this quality of earnestness and simplicity which lend a charm to his lectures.

He meets with a reception in our city, which must be exceedingly gratifying to him, and appears to be decreed the attraction of the time.

As illustrative of scriptural allusion, his descriptions are of a double value, and fully reward, by the interest which they in themselves excite and the light which they throw upon the sacred records, all the attention which they receive.

THE THEATRE.—Mr. Abbott has commenced his winter's campaign among us, with a band containing some of our former troop, but more of new recruits. Mrs. M'Clure is one of the best stock actresses in the country, and when supported as she should be, elicits always our hearty applause. Mr. Abbott himself is too tried and proved a veteran to need commendation from us; but we cannot avoid throwing in our mite of praise to him, in the character of Melnotte. He renders it with great power of expression. The other components are well enough, Mr. Eberle more than good in his line of farce. But we cannot forbear advising the Manager to cast his tragedies somewhat better than he treated *Jane Shore*. Sheridan Knowles' play of the *Love Chase* is in preparation, and from the success which has attended his other pieces, we augur well for this.

A FRAGMENT.

Oh! for the joyous days
When life was new,
E'er yet the faithless, changeful hue
Had passed, more fleeting than the morning dew
Or lightning's blaze.

When the green earth was rife
With love and truth,
And the quick glance of sanguine youth
Foresaw no shadows, darksome and uncouth,
In happy life.

'Twas bliss enough to feel
The pulse beat high;
The glorious arching of the sky
Stretch o'er the earth its boundless canopy,
Where circling wheel

The myriad orbs that spread
Their balmy light—
In one full radiance beaming bright,
Or hanging trembling on the brow of night
Watching the dead.

A.

SOUTHERN LITERARY JOURNAL,

AND

MAGAZINE OF ARTS.

B. R. CARROLL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

ASSISTED BY SEVERAL LITERARY GENTLEMEN.

It has been determined to resume the publication of the SOUTHERN LITERARY JOURNAL, from a conviction very generally felt and expressed, that the South stands at this time in peculiar need of such a periodical. The project for reviving the Southern Review seems to have been relinquished; and while the Northern and Middle States have perhaps twenty magazines, we can count but two besides our own, in the whole range of country South of the Potomac. Such a contrast is disadvantageous and disparaging to our Literary character; and is certainly not warranted by the comparative taste, talent and wealth of the two sections of the Union. Why should the South distrust herself when the genius of her sons is finding encouragement, and achieving triumphs abroad; and why should she suffer her own literary enterprises to languish and fail for want of timely aid, at the very time she is bestowing a liberal, and in many cases, a well deserved patronage on those of other parts of the country? It is full time that she should learn to be just and true to herself, as well as generous to others.

Besides, our peculiar policy renders it highly desirable, if not necessary, that we should possess an organ to which we may entrust the interpretation and defence of our domestic institutions, and upon which we may be able at all times to rely, as identified with us in feeling, principle and interest. If the people of the South would begin to think, write, print and publish for themselves, they would not only furnish opportunity for the development of our native mind and material, but provide themselves ampler security against the propagation of writings and doctrines destructive of their dearest interests.

It is with a view, therefore, to encourage a *home policy*, to raise the standard of our literary character, and to call out the intellectual resources of our region, that this periodical has been revived.

THE SOUTHERN LITERARY JOURNAL AND MAGAZINE OF ARTS is a monthly periodical devoted chiefly to miscellaneous literature.

It will contain SELECT POETRY, ESSAYS AND TALES.

SKETCHES, HISTORICAL AND FANCIFUL, illustrative of character, or descriptive of scenery, incidents and adventure.

REVIEWS AND CRITICAL NOTICES of the publications of the day.

GENERAL LITERARY INTELLIGENCE, foreign and domestic.

OCCASIONAL SPECULATIONS on topics of general interest, and on subjects falling properly within the range of philosophy and science.

Due attention will be paid to the DRAMA AND THE FINE ARTS.

The Editor has secured such literary co-operation as he thinks, will enable him to give interest and variety to his pages, and entitle him to the support of his fellow-citizens.

CONDITIONS.

THE SOUTHERN LITERARY JOURNAL will be published in monthly numbers, (to be issued on the 15th day of each month,) of at least Eighty pages each, on the best of paper, and neatly printed, at Five Dollars per annum, *always payable in advance.*

17 The postage of this Magazine, containing four sheets, is 6 cents; over 100 miles 16 cents.

